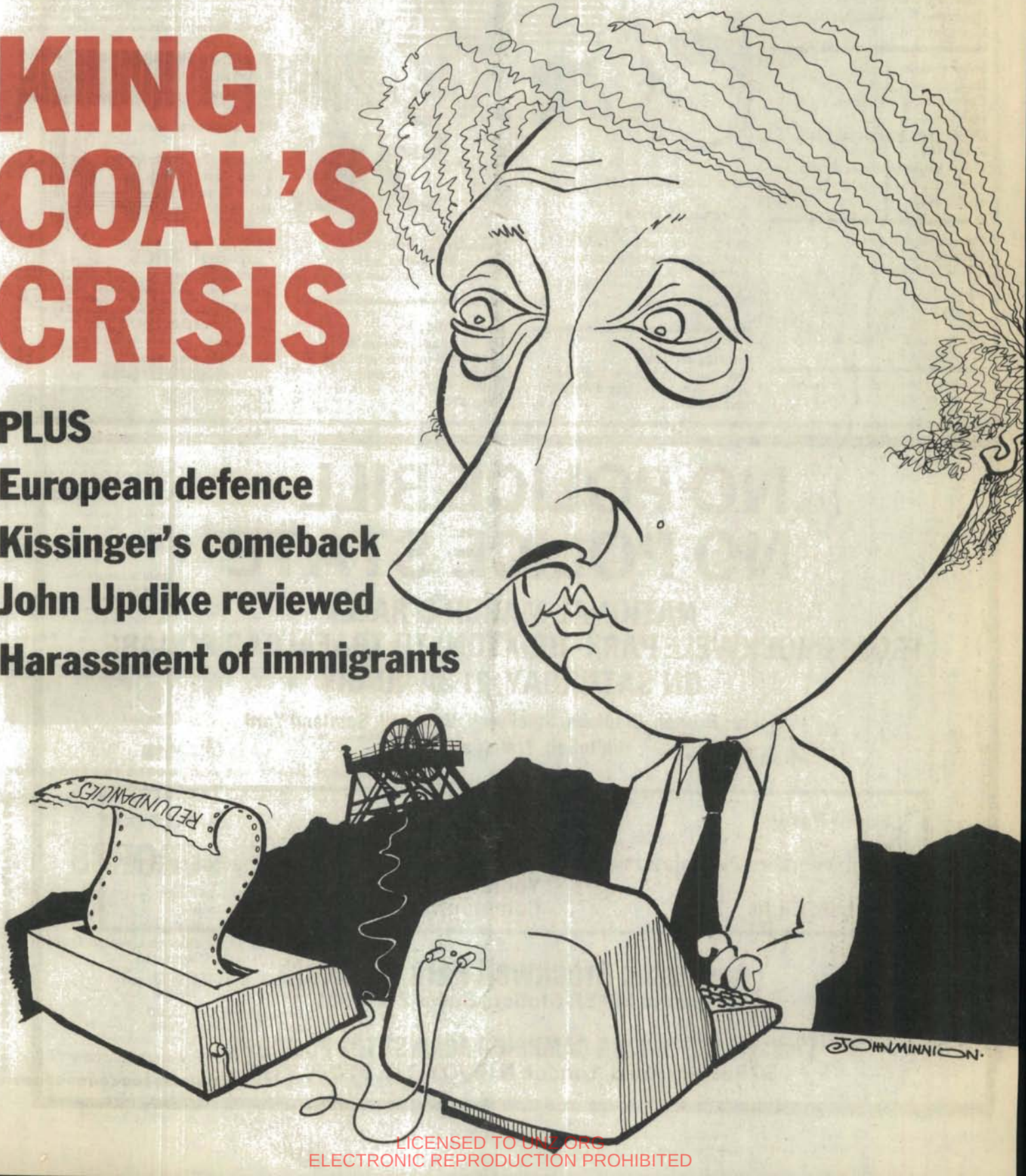
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Display Copy
JAN 30 1984

New Statesman

20 January 1984 70p IR £1.07 US$1.50 By Air

KING COAL'S CRISIS



PLUS

European defence

Kissinger's comeback

John Updike reviewed

Harassment of immigrants

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Statesman

New Statesman
14-16 Farringdon Lane
London EC1R 3AU
Tel: 01-253 2001
Editorial: 01-253 2003
Telex: 28449
Cables: Newstat, London EC1
©1984 Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd and contributors
Published and distributed by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd

Subscriptions: Lesley Bridgmount, Cecilia Milton
Circulation: Liz Cooper, Tim Freeman
Display advertisements: Michael Roberts 01-253 2001
Classified advertisements: Laura Berryman, Stephen Mitchell 01-251 5487

Subscription Rates
Surface mail:
UK £32, Overseas £36

Air mail:
Europe £36, Middle East £41, Africa, India, South America £45, Australasia, Far East £49, USA $79, Canada $92

Unsolicited manuscripts and artwork will only be returned if an SAE is enclosed.

Cover drawing: John Minnion

King Coal's crisis
As the NUM elects a general secretary, the industry faces a rapidly growing industrial and political crisis. Jonathan Winterton, John Rentoul and Walter Pond report p.8

Getting nastier
Deborah Pugh looks at how the government is cracking down on immigrants p.10

Well, hello Henry
Godfrey Hodgson examines how Dr Kissinger has worked his way back into Reagan's good books p.16

Reviewer reviewed
John Updike's latest collection dissected by David Montrose p.23

Art for 1984
John Spurling questions the value of an Orwell-inspired exhibition, and praises the 'intriguing, ritualistic and erotic' work of Rebecca Horn p.29

News: NF disrupts 'Ireland Week'; George Tremlett: Scourge of the Right; Price of prison protest; The maths that don't make sense; Wandsworth council's continuing problems; Opinion polls row pp.4-6
Peter Kellner: Tony Benn and Chesterfield p.7
Stan Windass: Non-nuclear European defence p.13
Diary: Claudia Wright p.15
Roger Woddis p.15
Mihir Bose: Thorn in the Crown p.17
David Berry: Alternative treatment p.18
Tony Catterall: Radical rumblings p.20
Bretécher p.21
Letters p.22
Marion Glastonbury: Fiction p.24
Michael Hofmann: Kleist p.24
Delia Davin: Rural China p.25
Lotte Kramer: Poem p.26
Bob Woffinden: Media in Britain p.26
Barbara Hardy: Darwin criticised p.27
Shorter Reviews p.28
Hugo Williams: Television p.30
John Coleman: Films p.30
Christopher Edwards: Theatre p.31
Weekend Competition p.31
Bill Greenwell: First person p.32
Crossword p.33
Listings p.35

NO POLICE BILL — NO POLICE STATE

NATIONAL MARCH & RALLY
FROM BROCKWELL PARK (BRIXTON) TO TRAFALGAR SQUARE
ON SATURDAY, 21 JANUARY

Route: Brixton, Clapham, Stockwell, Vauxhall, Scotland Yard Whitehall, Trafalgar Square

SPEAKERS FROM

Labour Party
NGA
Indian Workers Association (GB)
GLC
Newham Eight
Greenham Women
Relatives For Justice (Ireland)
National Campaign Against The Police Bill
Young Liberals
Communist Party

Assemble Brockwell Park 11.30 am
(Herne Hill BR Station, Buses 2 and 68)

Contact: THE LONDON CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE POLICE BILL
50 Rectory Road, London N16 7QY. Tel: 01-249 8334

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Statesman Vol 107 No 2757 20 January 1984

Three minutes to midnight

OLOF PALME, the Swedish Prime Minister and host to the Stockholm conference on disarmament in Europe, said it all when he opened its proceedings on Tuesday. He spoke of a 'near breakdown' of international order and of a dialogue between the United States and the Soviet Union that 'had all but ceased'. The doomsday clock, he said, has advanced to three minutes to midnight.

It should be possible to draw some comfort from the fact that President Reagan's political advisers now realise that his cold warrior rhetoric about the Soviet Union is hurting his re-election chances. The whole tone of the much trumpeted speech that he made in Washington on Monday was certainly quite different from his utterances since he first became a presidential candidate. But there is no sign of any corresponding evidence that the substance of the Reagan attitude towards the Soviet Union and questions of world security have changed as well.

Indeed the reason why so much attention is being paid to the Stockholm conference at all is that it is now the *only* remaining forum in which American and Russian officials will meet at a senior level with security and defence issues on the agenda. Every other set of talks and negotiations has been broken off. In fact Palme was understating the position. There is no dialogue of any kind going on between Washington and Moscow. The organs of American foreign and defence policy are now controlled by individuals whose uninformed view of the Soviet Union is that the only way to negotiate with Russians is from a position of overwhelming superiority. Even President Reagan's supposedly forthcoming speech was based on this continuing assumption. 'I believe 1984 finds the United States in its strongest position in years to establish a constructive and realistic working relationship with the Soviet Union', he said. This is not a line calculated to encourage an aged and paranoid Russian leadership into relaxed negotiations about anything.

What does the Reagan Administration expect the Kremlin to make of a foreign policy conducted so obviously on the basis of lurches governed primarily by the behaviour of domestic American opinion polls? What should its reaction be when the President makes a supposedly friendly speech on Monday and the Secretary of State makes one, containing a strong attack on the Soviet Union's role in perpetuating the division of Europe on Tuesday. There are only two conclusions. Either the Administration is finding it impossible to get an act together, or it is all just words. The Russians dismissed the President's speech at once as being pure propaganda. On the basis of all the evidence they are right.

Nothing of substance is likely to come out of Stockholm itself. Indeed nothing of substance is going to be achieved anywhere in the area of global security until the governments of the United States and the Soviet Union can each persuade the other privately that there is ground on which compromise can be reached. Megaphone diplomacy makes no contribution to that at all. □

Benn for Chesterfield

TONY BENN's relationship with the right-wing media is quite complicated. He is certainly the man it loves to hate. It was unable to hide its pleasure at the fact that he has become Labour's candidate in Chesterfield. But Benn uses the same media – and his well publicised attacks on it – with great skill as a sounding board for his political campaigns and ideas. The coverage of the Chesterfield by election is going to provide an instructive case study of the relationship between politics and the press.

For its part the Labour Party, both nationally and in Chesterfield, is bracing itself for a media onslaught on the Benn candidacy and campaign. It will be looking for evidence from polls and elsewhere to show that the local party was mad to choose him as a candidate and that the 'Benn factor' is turning a safe Labour seat into a by-election disaster for Labour. Its starting point will presumably be the fact that thoughts of this kind must have been going through the minds of the local party's executive committee when it kept Benn off its original short-list of candidates.

The idea is already about, that with Benn as a candidate Labour may be facing the kind of by-election swing against it that it suffered in the Bermondsey by-election last February. It is a spurious and malevolent analogy. In Bermondsey the traditional element of the local party was politically extinct and the new activists out of touch with local voters and local sentiment. In Chesterfield there is an active local political organisation. In Bermondsey the Labour Party, locally and nationally, was deeply divided about the candidate. In Chesterfield Benn has the public support of the party leader, Neil Kinnock, the outgoing MP, Eric Varley, and his principal rival for the nomination, Phillip Whitehead (who has this week written a notably generous endorsement of his candidacy in his column in *The Times*).

There are those on the centre and right of the Labour Party who were pleased that Benn lost his seat at the general election and would rather that he faded quietly out of politics. But they do not understand the essential dynamic of their own party. Benn is the most articulate and prominent representative of a distinct thread in British political life.

A Labour Party that cannot embrace Tony Benn as an active and prominent member and as an MP would be a Labour Party that had given up all hope of ever creating a new and expanded coalition of support in the country as the basis for a return to power. It is too much to hope that those who are looking for Benn to slip on a Chesterfield banana skin will have the grace to report that Labour is once again beginning to pull together, when he is elected in March. But you might have thought that, in a week when an ex-Prime Minister, a handful of ex-ministers and up to 40 backbenchers join in an almost unprecedented revolt against their government's policy, professional shame would have forced the media to give at least equal prominence to the real divisions now appearing in the Conservative Party. There is the tangible evidence of Fleet Street's bias. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Police close public meeting on Ireland

Thurrock Gazette

Grays, Essex police intervene between NF supporters and the meeting's organisers

POLICE in Grays, Essex, closed down a public meeting on Ireland last Thursday because the organisers refused to allow in 35 National Front supporters.

Jeremy Corbyn MP had arrived to debate with speakers from the Labour Committee on Ireland, the Young Socialists and the Irish Freedom Movement. It was the culmination of an 'Ireland Week' of exhibitions, films and political activity, and had already been denounced in some papers as a 'pro-IRA stunt'.

It was perhaps this which drew the crowd of NF skinheads who blocked the narrow entrance to the room in Grays public library. The organisers of the meeting refused to allow them in, and the NF supporters then threatened and kicked other people who tried to get into the room.

Grays police chief, Chief Inspector Walker, then 'negotiated a compromise' between the meeting's organisers and Joe Pearce, a prominent NF member and one-time editor of the young fascist magazine, *Bulldog*. Police would only clear a path through the NF members if the organisers agreed to let the young fascists take up any free seats. However, the stewards would not let all the NF supporters in, fearing they would only act violently.

Chief Inspector Walker then argued that organisers of a public meeting have no right to refuse anyone admission to a public meeting. Turning away the NF members, he said, would lead to more trouble and thus cause a breach of the peace in the library foyer. He gave the organisers an ultimatum: 'You have two minutes to decide to let them in or to close the meeting'. The audience refused to consent to this, and the police themselves closed the meeting – an action which they now deny. In fact, Walker's deputy, Inspector Nisbet, announced to the audience that he was closing the meeting. When Jeremy Corbyn questioned him on what powers he was using, Inspector Nisbet did not say. Mr Corbyn says he will make a complaint to the Home Secretary on this 'use of dictatorial powers.'

Kevin Toolis

Jogging: the new road to crime?

TWENTY-year-old Richard Guy had just escorted his girlfriend home and was jogging back to his parents' house through the park. Suddenly, a policewoman stepped out from behind a bush and asked him what he was running from. 'Nothing,' Richard replied. It was about midnight on 18 August 1983.

By the early hours of the following morning, Richard Guy, his father and a brother were being held at Huyton police station with numerous scratches and bruises; Richard's 14-year-old brother was in hospital suffering from severe internal bleeding; and Richard's mother had been thrown to one side and called 'a whore' and 'a fucking slag' by police officers.

Huyton police were in the news once before – when Jimmy Kelly, an unemployed labourer, died while in their custody in 1979. This latest incident reached its climax last Thursday, when Richard Guy, George Guy (41) and Norman Guy (23) were found guilty of assault by Huyton Magistrates and fined £75 each. In addition, Richard Guy was ordered to pay £18 costs for damage to the watch of one PC Rouse.

What happened in between, according to Richard and his family, was as follows. When Richard was stopped by the policewoman, he was asked to empty his pockets. 'I only live up the road,' he replied, 'if you want to search me, come to my house.' Only a few weeks earlier, he had been stopped by police and asked to empty his pockets, whereupon a police officer had knocked the money held in his outstretched hands to the ground.

In court, the policewoman, WPC Murray, stated that she then took hold of Richard's arm – whereupon the defendant struggled, hit her in the mouth and ran off. The policewoman admitted that she did not say Richard was under arrest, but claimed she did intend to search him, although she had not said so. She denied that Richard had offered to be searched at home.

Richard's parents and two brothers met the pair outside the front door. The mother asked what was going on and the policewoman replied that Richard was under arrest. Mrs Guy asked why and received no reply. Unable to understand what was going on she invited the constable into the house for a cup of tea and to straighten things out.

This was all ignored by the constable, who, instead, radioed for assistance. A police car arrived, followed moments later by more police cars and police vans. A policeman jumped out and ran towards the group. The policewoman pointed to Richard and said, 'I want him.' The policeman then ran straight up to Richard and punched him on the side of the head, causing him to fall to the ground.

Richard's father was then referred to as 'another clever bastard' and, subsequently, grabbed around the neck and legs by two police officers, whereupon he fell to the ground. Richard's eldest brother, Norman, was also grabbed by police officers and pulled by his hair into the garden over the rose bushes. He was punched in the face and hit with a truncheon by a senior police officer.

Mrs Guy and her youngest son went from one constable to another pleading with them to stop. Mrs Guy was simply thrown aside, told to 'fuck off' and abused. James (14), the youngest of the family, was then grabbed by a police officer who twisted his arm up his back causing the small boy extreme pain. In hospital later, he required a splint and plaster for his injuries.

In the police version of the events of that evening, Constables Murray, Baker, Rouse and Sergeant Curtin claimed that they had been assaulted by Richard's father and brother in their attempt to arrest him.

The police officers were later seen by a police surgeon and treated for superficial scratches. All were declared fit to continue their duties.

George, Richard and Norman were held for six hours at Huyton police station (where they were charged with assaulting the police). The police surgeon who examined their injuries recommended that they be further examined at hospital. They were released later at around 7.05 am.

The family are to appeal against their convictions and formal complaints against the police have been made.

After the trial family and friends gave vent to their feelings over the judgment: 'I have lost faith in the police,' said George Guy, 'I just can't believe this has happened.' The Guy family is white.

Mark Urbanowicz

Thatcher's immorality

AT LAST there has been found within the Tory party a man who dares say boo to a goose. Boldly raising himself before the stretched-neck Mrs Thatcher is one George Tremlett, maverick, ex-deputy leader of the GLC Tories and right-winger who prides himself on discovering Thatcherism before *she* took it over.

Writing in this week's issue of the London weekly paper *City Limits*, Mr Tremlett condemns the proposals to abolish the GLC and Metropolitan counties as 'a disgrace to Parliament (which) bring shame upon the shoulders of the Conservative Party.' He continues:

> My feelings are that strong because I know that the government is intent on forcing [the proposals] through Parliament for reasons that are immoral and intellectually insulting.
> The responsibility for this lies with the Prime Minister.

Mr Tremlett insists that not only did Mrs Thatcher fail to consult GLC Conservatives over their proposed extinction; there were even members of the Cabinet who knew nothing about the commitment to abolish the seven councils until they read the published manifesto.

Her drive to abolish the councils comes, says Mr Tremlett, from the belief that she can abolish Ken Livingstone in particular and cripple the Labour Party in general by destroying their power base.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UPP

George Tremlett: a bold Tory

> It is this that I find immoral since I believe in the two-party system and its inherent process of debate . . . Not so the Prime Minister. She tolerates no opposition.

Such an issue cuts deeper than the usual party divisions, concludes Mr Tremlett, who plans to go on hopping onto public platforms with Ken Livingstone, Frances Morrell and Tony Banks. 'We are', he says, 'all democrats. And it is the right to be different in our interpretation of democracy that we are defending.'

From his Metropolitan fastness in Wales, Mr Tremlett said that many Tories shared his views but few had joined him in expressing them because they were afraid, and because the Tory party itself does not encourage democratic discussion among its members.

This view that, contrary to Mrs Thatcher's television claims on Sunday that she is absolutely in tune with Britons 'because of what they feel in their bones, their blood stream, their heart of hearts, their minds', she is not even representing her own rank-and-file, is shared by Stephen Moon, editor of the Tory Reform Group's paper. Few Tory MPs have any experience of inner city councils, he points out. However, 80-90 per cent of the GLC's expenditure would have to be carried out by the bodies proposed as the unelected replacement.

Sarah Benton

Silencing subversives

PRISONERS who took part in protests over their long-term rights at Albany and Wormwood Scrubs in May and June last year are still being held in solitary confinement in what appears to be a covert punishment for their actions. Lord Avebury has now taken up the issue with the Home Office.

Paul Norney has been in solitary confinement in Durham since 26 May. He is being held in a strip cell with only the barest furniture and so small that he has to stand his mattress up during the day so that he can move around. **Tony Clarke** is in solitary confinement in Strangeways. He alleges that apart from being locked up 23 or 24 hours a day, a red light burns permanently in his cell and that a 'Silence' regime is operated. **Steve Blake,** after spending 20 May to 26 August in a strip cell in Walton prison, Liverpool, was transferred to the isolation unit F Wing, Wakefield where he is still in solitary confinement. He alleges that there are 'quite a number of rules which still exist here from the control unit' including a 'Silence' regime. **Jimmy Anderson** has been in continuous solitary confinement since he took part in the Wormwood Scrubs protest on 16 June, **Paul Hill** apart from four weeks between 12 September to 6 October, has been in solitary confinement since 20 May sometimes under Prison Rule 43 (Good Order and Discipline) sometimes under no specific regulation.

Home Office explanations for these long periods of solitary confinement have varied from 'transport problems' (Paul Hill) to lack of 'suitable vacancies' in the dispersal system (Paul Norney and others). Lord Avebury, in a letter to Lord Elton (Under Secretary of State for the Home Office) writes:

> . . . it is clear to me that the Home Office, baulked of their prey by the court's decision in the case of Tarrant and Leyland, has decided to punish those considered to be guilty, by extra judicial means.

Lord Avebury is demanding that all these prisoners are returned to normal location immediately.

Although the Home Office has denied that the prisoners concerned are being punished, Elton replied to Lord Avebury that:

> The dispersal system continues to face difficulties in the placement of high security prisoners who have gained a reputation for subversion . . .

He names Paul Norney as one who comes into this category of prisoners with a 'reputation for subversion'. Lord Elton then continues:

> I am not saying that the conditions which Mr Norney experiences at Durham in any way match those generally available in the dispersal system or that he should continue to experience them indefinitely *though the extent to which subversive prisoners dedicated to the disruption of the prison system should be able to enjoy the full range of facilities they seek to destroy is at least questionable* (our italics).

The prisoners involved in the Albany protest had their punishments quashed as a result of the High Court ruling in November which means that, as far as the courts are concerned, none of these prisoners are guilty of any offence unless and until they are recharged and found guilty of any offence.

Terry O'Halloran

MISCELLANY

Thinking the unthinkable

Little by little, what there is of transport secretary Nicholas Ridley's transport policies is leaking from his bemused department. He apparently dislikes wheel clamps, which have been successful in cutting down illegal parking by all but foreign diplomats, and he wants to cut down on the number of one-way streets, because they 'interfere with the democratic rights of the motorist'.

Oh yes he is

Within hours of Sarah Tisdall's appearance in court last week, charged with leaking the cruise missile memo to the *Guardian*, a graffito appeared outside Farringdon tube station: 'Sarah Tisdall is innocent. *Guardian* workers, have you no conscience?' If any of them have, they must shudder as they look out of their window and see, just up Farringdon Road on the opposite side, a huge hoarding extolling the virtues of their own paper. It says: "BIG BROTHER ISN'T WATCHING US – *The Guardian*. The only truly independent national newspaper.'

Guiding light

Our leader Neil Niknock (as dyslexic readers of this column will have him) may have been too hasty in claiming the irascible Eric Hobsbawm as one the great influences on his thinking. When Hobsbawm began dourly charting Labour's political decline in *Marxism Today*, this fuelled Niknock's campaign to wrest his party away from the hands of the 'suicidal Left'. Did he speak too soon? Since then, other redoubtable intellectuals have criticised Hobsbawm in the pages of the Labour Party's own 'theoretical' journal *New Socialist* (Jan/Feb 1984). What may discomfit the rugger-playing man-of-the-people is that the critics – Stuart Hall, Doreen Massey, Lynne Segal and Hilary Wainwright – all share a much clearer commitment to feminism and radical politics than does either he or Hobsbawm. Now there is to be a debate, jointly sponsored by *Marxism Today* and the Labour Co-ordinating Committee, in London on 7 February where Hobsbawm, Robin Cook, Harriet Harman and Beatrix Campbell will take sides: it's not quite clear who is partnering whom.

Tearing hurry

TV-am, the financially overstretched breakfast television company, have taken to paying contributors by torn-up cheque. Such an ingenious financial token arrived on Monday on the desk of a well-known journalist who had been waiting to be paid for more than three months. Several reminders had had no effect, until he threatened to sue the company and – a technique for expediting payment recommended to him by the *NS*'s Political Editor – also threatened to petition for the company to be wound up as bankrupt. TV-am's accountant then instantly apologised for the delay – occasioned, she said, by 'extreme pressure of work in our Finance Department'. The (torn-up) cheque then appeared with further apologies. TV-am's bank had been told specially to pay, she said – and no doubt they will.

The classified results

We blush with pride. Despite the deliberate obscurity of the questions in the Soaraway Staggers 1983 competition (*NS* 30 December), designed to test your loyalty to this column, innumerable absolutely correct entries flooded in. Of course, there were the usual wags, such as the person from Pontypridd who suggested that it was the CBI which had concluded that 'our organisation is without useful function or purpose'. But the only way to choose between the rest of you was to draw a name out of a hat – ignoring the rather desperate plea from someone who thought he should get the prize as a consolation for not being shortlisted for the Chesterfield by-election. The name belongs to Liz Wilson, of Lakenheath, to whom a whopping great prize is 'in the post', and the answers were as follows:

1) Dr David Owen; 2) The Director General of MI5, whose cover was blown by being described as 'attached, Ministry of Defence' in the New Year's Honours List, which is a well-known code for MI5; 3) The Revolutionary Gay Men's Caucus (*not* the CBI); 4) David Irving. 5) TV-am; 6) President J. R. Jayawardene of Sri Lanka; 7) Norman Tebbit; 8) Contraceptive sheaths; 9) Tarmac; 10) Michael Foot; 11) *The Archers*; 12) Lady Olga Maitland; 13) Michael Foot; 14. Duncan Campbell; 15) Paul Johnson; 16) Clive Jenkins; 17) Paymaster General; 18) Michael Foot; 19) Sir Alfred Sherman; 20) Shirley Porter; 21) Martin Webster; 22) David Irving; 23) TV-am; 24) Nicholas Ridley; 25) Gloria Stewart; 26) Phillip Oppenheim; 27) Andrew 'Two Chauffeurs' Neil.

Last word . . .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Astonishing mathematical invention

A NORTH London inventor has successfully applied a remarkable new mathematical technique, which – when used correctly – is capable of producing a prolific harvest of national and international publicity. The inventor, Mr Arnold Arnold of Cricklewood, went public in last week's *Guardian*, and featured in both a front page story and a lengthy inside feature on his new mathematics. The story did indeed gain him international publicity.

The Arnold technique relies on persuading students and journalists that a smattering of nonsensical algebra and geometry reveals methods of breaking international military and diplomatic codes and the firing sequences for nuclear weapons. Earlier and prestigious victims of the Arnold technique have included the *Far East Economic Review*, *Computer Weekly* and minor science magazines. Last week's *Guardian* story, which claimed that both international security codes and NATO's 'nuclear interlocks' were at risk, was, unhappily, the second time in two years that the paper's science editor, Anthony Tucker, has reported Arnold's claims to have made a mathematical discovery.

A year ago, Arnold Arnold wrote to the *New Statesman* claiming that the Government Communications Headquarters, GCHQ – which is responsible for British codes and cyphers – was taking action against him to suppress his discoveries. He sent us his 'unpublished' mathematical papers – the same ones that the *Guardian* has now reported on. They were nonsense. Asked to substantiate his claim that GCHQ was suppressing his work, Mr Arnold withdrew. He asserted merely that GCHQ was so threatened by his discoveries that they would have to suppress his work in the future.

No sources were quoted to support Mr Arnold's claims in last week's *Guardian*. Although Mr Arnold claimed that knowledge beyond 'present and possibly future computing ranges' could be achieved with the aid only of his special methods and 'any alphanumeric programmable calculator', ie a programmable pocket calculator, there was no note of the *Guardian* scepticism in the news story.

In fact, the mathematics is nonsense. Asked this week to explain the page of algebra which purported to prove Arnold's critical theorem, Mr Tucker acknowledged that he could not explain how any single line of the 'proof' could be deduced from previous lines. 'You've pointed out aspects that . . . I don't know what it means'. He agreed that two parts of the explanation of Arnold's 'discoveries' that he had published actually only 'proved' that 1=1. But he maintained that he still believed that Arnold was right, although he suggested that the mathematics could better be explained by an Imperial College physics research student and Arnold disciple, Mr Geoffrey Kolbe.

Mr Kolbe told the *New Statesman* that he did believe Arnold's claims. Asked to explain how the proof in the *Guardian* worked, he eventually said that 'there seems to be a step being missed out here,' but did not have time to identify the missing steps.

Dr Andrew Hodges, a former King's College, London, mathematics research fellow who has just published a detailed and highly acclaimed study of the work of the wartime codebreaking genius, Alan Turing, said this week that the Arnold 'mathematics' was 'complete gibberish – there isn't a single coherent statement in it. The *Guardian*'s endorsement of this rubbish is dangerous in that it discredits serious comment on the applications of mathematics'.

Duncan Campbell

Red faces for Wandsworth Tories

JUST THREE months after sacking Pritchard Industrial Services for its failure to comply with the terms of a gardens maintenance contract, Tories on Wandsworth Council have picked a firm to replace it which plans to use fewer employees at lower salaries.

R. B. Tyler Ltd of Ware, the firm which has won the new contract, has spent the past few weeks helping clear the backlog caused by Pritchard's failure. Armed with this experience, the firm beat off its competitors by bringing in a tender which – at £428,000 for five years – is £175,000 lower than the same firm bid last year and £114,000 less than the Council's own official costing of the work involved. The Council's own direct labour force was not allowed to tender for the new contract – despite the fact that its bid last year was lower than any except Pritchard's.

Tyler's have now told Wandsworth they intend to use 30 workers on the contract during the summer – ten fewer than Pritchard's did – and to pay a basic hourly rate of £2.04 – which is £10 a week less than the average basic rate for Council gardeners, and less than the lowest local authority rate paid to Council cleaners. Charge hands will be paid a higher basic of £2.48 an hour – but the company has not ruled out the possibility of introducing a piecework scheme similar to that introduced by Pritchard's last year, which led to a strike by their gardeners. Tyler's have also announced that the men will, at least initially, be expected to travel over 40 miles to work every day, in their vehicles, from the company's base at Nuthampstead, Hertfordshire.

One reason for the Tories' brinkmanship in accepting such a tender could be the delicate task they still face in recovering the extra cost of the new contract from Pritchard's, by whom they were originally indemnified. Negotiations are still taking place with Pritchard's, in an effort to prise from them the extra £65,000 that the new contract is costing the Council.

Further embarrassment could await Wandsworth's Tories in the coming financial year. Despite saving several million pounds by 'streamlining' some services and privatising others, Wandsworth's spending limit for next year has been cut by the government. The Council's share of Rate Support Grant has also been cut, by £1.4 million – which could cost the borough's ratepayers an extra 3½p in the pound.

Council Leader Paul Beresford – an advocate of rate capping – points out that if the Council increases its budgeted spending by five or six per cent, just to keep pace with inflation, ratepayers will suffer the loss of over £2 millions of grants, including penalties.

'This is a disappointing settlement for Wandsworth which offers dismal prospects for our ratepayers next year,' he commented recently, adding, 'it is madly disappointing that an authority with our spending record should still have to contemplate the possibility of penalties.'

Quentin McDermott

How the Sun inflated the Alliance

A REMARKABLE claim that Labour won back one-and-a-half million votes in the final two days of last June's general election has fuelled a blistering row in the small world of opinion pollsters.

The claim was made last weekend by John Clemens, managing director of the company that owns Audience Selection Ltd. ASL's final poll, conducted on Tuesday 7 June put Labour at 23 per cent, six points behind the Liberal/SDP Alliance. On 9 June Labour obtained 28 per cent, and the Alliance 26 per cent of the actual vote.

Since then, ASL's polls have been widely criticised for consistently over-estimating the Alliance's support during the campaign, and under-estimating Labour's support. ASL conducted election polls for the *Sun*, TV-am, and the SDP. Critics say that ASL polled the public by telephone and failed to adjust its findings properly to the non-telephone-owning public, which is largely poor and Labour-voting.

At a conference last weekend at Essex University, where politicians, pollsters, academics and journalists discussed the election campaign, Clemens defended ASL's methods. In a paper to the conference, he claimed that ASL's poll *had* been correct at the time it was taken but 'there was a dramatic swing back to Labour on election day.'

If Clemens is right, Labour's support rose by 5 points in the final hours of the campaign. Since each point is worth 300,000 votes, that implies a last-minute gain of 1½-million votes. That would count as one of the most remarkable electorial phenomena of the century.

Since the Essex conference, new evidence has come to light to explain the discrepancy between ASL and the other pollsters. Professor Richard Rose of Strathclyde University has written a detailed critique* of last year's election polling. He criticises ASL's method of trying to correct for the biases in telephone polling:

> It asked people how they voted in 1979. But this introduced a new set of difficulties, for measures of voting intention from four years ago are subject to error in recall.

Specifically, fewer people *remember* voting Liberal in 1979 than actually *did* vote Liberal. The consequence of failing to allow for this discrepancy was to exaggerate the number of new Alliance voters throughout the campaign.

Prof. Rose goes on to make a yet more damning point about ASL:

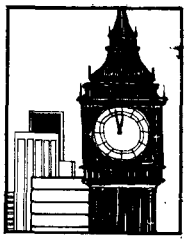
> The Audience Selection sample greatly under-represented council-house tenants. Even *after* applying its standard weighting, which made no allowance for housing, council tenants constituted 21 4 per cent of their sample, compared to 29.5 per cent in the Gallup Poll campaign surveys, a figure consistent with census data.

In other words, ASL's working-class respondents had the wrong mix of home owners (too many) and council tenants (too few). Since working-class home owners are far less likely to vote Labour than working-class council tenants, it was inherent in ASL's methods that their figure for Labour's support would be too low. And if any wavering anti-Tory voter, reading in the *Sun* that the Alliance had overtaken Labour, decided to switch support, she or he would have done so on the basis of wrong information.

Peter Kellner

**Opinion Polls as Feedback Mechanisms: from cavalry charge to electronic media.* Published by the Centre for the Study of Public Policy, University of Strathclyde.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PETER KELLNER Political Editor

Tony Benn, Chesterfield and the blinking truth

WHAT TO MAKE of Tony Benn's nomination at Chesterfield? While pondering this question, I ran into two old Labour Party friends, the ever optimistic Olive Optima, and the perennial pessimist Percy Potter. As they were discussing the very same point, I decided to eavesdrop.

Percy: Yes, I will if you don't mind. Another Scotch please. I need it. How could they do it? I mean, do we want to be taken seriously again as a party of power, or don't we?

Olive: Come, Percy; it isn't that bad.

P: It is that bad. If anything, it's worse. Look, Chesterfield will be the first by-election since Neil became leader. We had a golden chance to show in a real election what the opinion polls have been saying – that we've picked up ten points since the general election and that the Alliance has fallen back. With Benn there, we'll be lucky to hold the seat at all. Look at how we threw Bermondsey away.

O: Hang on a moment. There's no comparison. We fought Bermondsey in the wake of a local civil war. Our opponents were not only the Liberals, who had come from nowhere to take a quarter of the vote in the 1982 local elections, but Labour's old guard, which took three council seats from us standing as independents. And we'd been through that wretched business of first disowning Peter Tatchell and then endorsing him. Chesterfield's quite different: a healthy local party, no renegades, no Liberal presence to speak of, and no question but that Benn's a properly-chosen candidate.

P: All that proves is that the Liberals won't achieve a 44 per cent swing, like they did at Bermondsey. But they don't need anything like that to win Chesterfield. They would take the seat on just one third of the Bermondsey swing. And the Liberals will have three things going for them. First, they are amazingly good at planning by-election campaigns. They will run a rough, tough campaign – but it will win votes. Second, they will have the press on their side. The tabloids will be out to destroy Benn, just as they destroyed Peter Tatchell. And, third, there are bound to be opinion polls. If they start to show the Liberals nosing ahead of the Tories, you could get a bandwagon, with the Tory vote transferring to the Liberals.

O: Come, Percy, aren't you getting a touch too paranoiac about the polls – like Benn himself? Sure, the polls may help those who want to vote against Benn decide where best to place their cross. But I think you are exaggerating the anti-Benn feeling. OK, the media will be after him, but he's very effective on the hustings. I shouldn't be at all surprised if voters, when they see him in the flesh, decide he's nothing like the ogre depicted in the *Sun* and *Mail*.

P: Now who's getting paranoiac? The media may have exploited Benn, but they didn't invent him. You just have to look at his manic, staring eyes on TV to realise he's – well – not quite all there.

O: Nonsense. The reason he gives some people the wrong impression is perfectly simple, and has nothing to do with his politics. He *doesn't blink*. Pillorying a chap because his eyelids don't move is like rejecting him because he's black, or curly-haired, or a woman.

P: That's as may be. Voters who oppose Benn may well be stupid or spineless or morally defective. But their decision has just as much weight in the ballot box as voters with PhDs in extra-Parliamentary activity. Besides, it's not just whether Benn blinks or not. His by-election campaign will provide a wonderful chance for every loony lefty to come out of the woodwork. Do you remember how we nearly lost Warrington in '81? Busloads of Militant members turned up from Liverpool to canvass the council estates. Whenever they found someone who supported Labour, they'd whip out a copy of that week's *Militant* and try to sell it. We lost quite a few votes that way. Do you really think the Chesterfield party will stop that sort of thing happening this time?

O: Yes, as a matter of fact I do. Look, this campaign will be one of Labour's most tightly organised ever – more like Darlington than Warrington. The local party is far from left-wing: remember, it supported Healey against Benn two years ago, and Benn only got the nomination this week on the third ballot. What with MPs and national officials pouring into Chesterfield like tea into Benn's mug, any Militants who show their face will soon be told to push off.

P: Benn would never stand for that.

O: We'll see. I think you'll find Benn will behave impeccably during the by-election. Look at what he said the other day on Channel Four's *A Week in Politics:*

> I think with the leadership elected by the new electoral college – Neil Kinnock and Roy Hattersley, which is a balanced leadership – you are going to find that, with the policy we've put forward, which we'll need to develop and improve as the months and years go by, that there is going to be a Labour government with a working majority.

Now what could be more reasonable that that? All the nonsense from last summer about Kinnock-Hattersley being a 'conflict ticket' has been quietly dropped. Benn is going out of his way to say how much he backs the new leadership.

P: Chesterfield's voters aren't going to be taken in by that kind of tommy rot. Everyone knows Benn's in a different ball game from Neil and Roy. At one level Benn will *say* he backs the new leadership – just as James Prior and Peter Walker *say* how wonderful Mrs Thatcher is. It won't stop him, just as it doesn't stop them, delivering coded messages of opposition. Take the Common Market. Neil's now saying withdrawal should be 'an option', not the heart of Labour's policy. Benn could go round quoting chunks of last year's election manifesto, *saying* he's standing four-square on agreed party policy, but *meaning* that he will fight any change in policy by the leadership.

O: I'd be very surprised if Benn tried, even in code, to make an issue out of the Common Market. Three months after the Chesterfield election there will be the European Parliament elections. Benn won't want to be blamed for a bad Labour performance – and he would be if he were seen to start a fresh argument about the party's policy on membership. In fact, I think he'll go out of his way to present himself as a man of moderation and party unity – partly because he wants to do well, partly because he really thinks he is a man of moderation and party unity, and partly because he'll want to look good when Neil and Roy come to speak for him during the campaign. My guess is that Neil and Roy will wait until the last ten days of the campaign to make their appearances. Before then, the word will go out to the Benn camp: behave yourselves, or we shall suddenly discover some compelling prior engagement, like a royal wedding, or a tour of the Elgin marbles.

P: That's pure bluff. They will *have* to speak for Benn, just as poor old Michael Foot ended up having to speak for Peter Tatchell. They could only pull out if Benn behaved really badly, which he won't. You mustn't underestimate his ability to exploit division even when he says – with a straight face, and without blinking – that he's all for party unity. I tell you, Chesterfield will be a disaster.

O: The only disaster I can see is the service at this bar. Percy, have a double scotch to help you calm down. Barperson! □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COAL INDUSTRY

Undermining the NUM?

Walter Pond previews the election for NUM General Secretary, while Jonathan Winterton and John Rentoul analyse the impact of the bonus scheme and new technology on miners

Shaking up the union

LAST WEEKEND'S MORI opinion poll suggesting that the left wing Derbyshire area secretary, Peter Heathfield, might not be walking to victory in the NUM General Secretaryship elections has raised the prospect of John Walsh, the solidly right-wing candidate, coming to share power with the union's President Arthur Scargill. Walsh and Scargill would make a bizarre couple at the helm, steering the union in different directions with sharply contrasting styles. Walsh has, in his campaign, made a virtue of his dissimiliarity with Scargill – not just because he knows that Scargill has lost some popularity within the union recently, but also because he believes in the NUM tradition of a balanced leadership, able to reflect all shades of opinion within the union.

There is some evidence that the campaign has worked. It would not be the first time that there has been an upset for the General Secretaryship. The retiring current incumbent, Lawrence Daly, was not expected to beat Joe Gormley for the post in 1968, but on a 70 per cent turn-out Daly won by 10,000 votes. The miners are a perverse lot, and they may be about to be perverse again.

But, in truth, the miners' union is bound to change radically, whoever wins the election. The General Secretary of the NUM is not a faceless bureaucrat or a simple clerk to the executive: in the rulebook he has equal authority, and salary, to that of the President. He is elected by the same process as the President – secret individual ballot – and gains equal status with the President by virtue of this.

For instance, Lawrence Daly, before he became ill, was a powerful figure in the union and a true co-partner with Joe Gormley (Gormley was elected President in 1971). If anyone deserves credit for pushing the miners up the earnings league table, it is Daly. It was his presentation to the Wilberforce Inquiry into miners' pay in 1971, backed up by the research of Ruskin College, that won the argument.

But in the mid seventies, illness made Daly a shadow of the man he used to be. It has left a vacuum at the top of the union which Scargill has had no hesitation in filling. Whether Heathfield or Walsh wins, the new General Secretary will want to reclaim the authority of the post. That will be just as difficult a campaign as the election itself. Scargill has moved the headquarters of the union back to his heartland and many of the people that surrounded him as Yorkshire Area President surround him now. The new General Secretary may well find himself something of an exile at the court of King Arthur.

But Peter Heathfield is a highly astute man with his own power base in the Midlands and Derbyshire. Scargill himself, moreover, may be canny enough to realise that he would benefit from someone else sharing the spotlight. The press corps has become so obsessed with the public unravelling of Scargill – the ballot defeats, his denunciation of Solidarity, the arrogance – that mining issues have become totally obscured. Any event in the industry is reduced by the media into a test of Scargill.

David Fowler

Arthur Scargill: from President to King?

Scargill in turn has become increasingly obsessed with the press attitude to him. He recently pronounced that 17 of his press releases on the state of the industry, including the union's submission to the Sizewell Inquiry, had been totally ignored by the press. He has even taken to pointing video cameras at journalists during his press conferences.

THE ELECTION of a less flamboyant left-winger such as Heathfield might allow Scargill the breathing space to recapture his equilibrium. Scargill based his Presidency in 1981 on the premise that a radical union membership, reflected at annual conference, was only being held back by the manoeuvring of Gormley and by a right-wing majority on the executive that had been protected by a series of rotton boroughs.

Since Scargill's election, both road blocks have been cleared, yet the union membership has not risen up to take on government. Far from it. As a result the miners are no longer a special case. They are behaving and are being treated just like any other group of workers in a nationalised industry. The present pay offer of 5.2 per cent, for instance, is not bad in comparison with other deals in this pay round, but it is not exceptional. The government is no longer so in awe of the miners that it will buy them out with deals at least 3 per cent above anything offered to other groups of public sector workers.

Heathfield comes from a 'weather-vane' coalfield where any left-wing victory has to be fought for. He feels strongly that Scargill has based his appeal to the membership too much on a simple call for loyalty to the union and the leadership. He recognised the crucial need for the conference to represent their coal field's real opinion more accurately. Every abortive strike called in the past few years has received enthusiastic endorsement from the conference and then been rejected by the membership.

But Heathfield also knows that structural changes in the industry are making the task of any NUM leader far more difficult. The traditional sources of NUM bargaining strength – collective solidarity and the simple ability to plunge Britain into darkness – have been sharply eroded in the past four years.

Of the 58 collieries which were closed between 1973 and mid-1982, all but five of them were closed with the eventual agreement of the workforce. Over 28,000 miners had been made redundant at the 58 collieries: of these 14,311 were transferred to other collieries and 5,419 were made redundant. In addition to the men made redundant at collieries that closed, a further 29,700 men accepted redundancy terms elsewhere. Some men aged over 55 with long years of service were receiving over £40,000 in redundancy, although a more typical figure was £10,000. Of the total of 35,000 miners taking redundancy money, over 31,000 were over 55. Over half the current workforce did not take part in the strikes against the Heath government.

So through no fault of his own, Scargill has found the ground cut from under him. Miners in pits facing closure have accepted redundancy money; those that have not have been transferred to other pits.

One reason for the unwillingness of min-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Sturrock/Report

Faceworkers: the traditional leaders of organised labour in the mines

ers to fight closures has been a hardheaded realisation that the NCB can now withstand a long strike. Apart from one year, total coal stocks in the UK between 1965 and 1979 were always below 30m tonnes. But in the three years since 1980 stocks have risen successively to 38m tonnes, to 43m tonnes and finally to 53.3m tonnes. The simple explanation is that coal output has remained steady, but demand has fallen by 18 million tonnes a year.

Walter Pond

Confronting the new technology

SO FAR, Arthur Scargill and Margaret Thatcher have only been able to snarl at each other from a distance. Each epitomises a politics the other loathes, and each would like to see the other's political influence publicly destroyed, in the most humiliating fashion. But both have drawn back from forcing any face-to-face confrontation, because the politics might get lost in the real conflict going on behind the scenes, which is about technology, the control of work and industrial power.

In 1980 the Conservatives passed the Coal Industry Act, requiring the National Coal Board to break even by April 1984. There isn't the slightest chance of reaching this target, but it is a clear statement of the government's intention. The NCB is pursuing profitability by a strategy of eliminating 'high cost' pits and concentrating production in a few 'super' pits. Since the Act, over 20 pits have closed and 41,000 jobs have been lost. Last year's 'efficiency' report by the Monopolies and Mergers Commission (MMC) defined 141 of the then 198 pits as unprofitable.

The central plank of NCB strategy is the automation programme begun in the 1970s with MINOS (Mine Operating System), a standardised computer system for the surface control of all colliery operations. NUM leaders have called for more investment in the industry and supported the development of Selby and the Vale of Belvoir. Yet NCB investment is in labour-saving technology and the creation of MINOS super pits *automatically* defines others as 'uneconomic'. Selby alone will produce the equivalent of 70 per cent of the entire production of South Wales and Scotland with only 10 per cent of the workforce of these two areas.

The implications of new technology for jobs in the coal industry are staggering. A study by the NCB found that of the available shift time one third was taken up with cutting coal, one third with unavoidable delays and one third with avoidable delays. By eliminating 'avoidable delays', meaning the breathing spaces miners take, production could be doubled using the same number of workers. A subsystem of MINOS, called FIDO (Face Information Digested On-line) has the ability to release this potential by monitoring activity at the coalface and identifying delays.

The power of the microprocessor is also being addressed to 'unavoidable' delays (mostly machine breakdowns) by a system called IMPACT (In-built Machine Performance and Condition Testing). The Department of Employment predicted in 1979 that the automation of face equipment would reduce the number of face workers from 22 to 15 per shift. MINOS reduces staffing elsewhere below ground, as well as on the surface, and the total effect of these changes – for which the technology is *already available* – could be to maintain current production with only a quarter of the current workforce.

Apart from the question of jobs – how many and in what pits – the new technology raises the question of where control over the day-to-day working of the industry will lie. Faceworkers and craft workers (in that order) have led organised labour in the industry because of their greater control over the speed and productivity of work.

Both groups are threatened by MINOS, and the craft workers in particular. Craft workers will be deskilled because MINOS will transfer the diagnostic function to microprocessors. The new technology is more reliable, and the control equipment is also so cheap that it gets replaced rather than repaired.

The central role of technology and its relation to pay and the hours of work is now acknowledged. NUM national conference last year called for a technology agreement to be negotiated between the NUM and NCB. The NUM draft technology agreement, which is the key to the miners' claim for a shorter working week, has so far made little impression on the NCB. Nevertheless, a major theme in the Triple Alliance rallies uniting unions in the coal, steel and railway industries has been the demand that new technology be used to improve the conditions of those working in the industries instead of generating unemployment.

UNTIL RECENTLY the miners had reacted to individual pit closures without addressing the overall strategy. The NUM special delegate conference last October, however, marked the starting point of an alternative strategy outlined in *Campaign for Coal*. The strategy embraces 'outside' issues, such as the recession and nuclear energy, as well as issues the union can bargain over, such as hours and technology. Here the strategy identifies the bonus scheme as weakening NUM solidarity.

The bonus scheme was introduced in 1978 and, although the outline is negotiated nationally, the crucial details are bargained over at pit level.

The NUM – and Arthur Scargill in particular – has always recognised the dangers of such a scheme, and opposed it bitterly in the mid-1970s. The union voted twice in a national ballot, in 1974 and 1977, to reject a national bonus scheme, but in 1977 the NCB negotiated a local scheme and within six months the rest of the country followed. Joe Whelan, the late Communist Nottingham Area general secretary, said in 1980: 'The incentive scheme has knocked a lot of the tradition of militancy out of the miners and that was what it was designed to do.'

In fact, the government hasn't been keen on the bonus scheme either; the MMC report criticised the NCB for failing to control the scheme properly, and allowing wages to drift upwards. The average proportion of earnings represented by the bonus has indeed risen from 12 per cent in 1978 to over

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

18 per cent now. But the MMC appears not to be aware of the history of the coal industry's wage structure.

Until 1966, wage rates in the coal industry were negotiated locally in a vast patchwork of anomalous piece-work agreements. With the introduction of mechanised coal mining, in particular the 'power loader', the NCB shifted the emphasis from physical effort to machine running time, and negotiated a national day-rate agreement, introduced over five years.

The national agreement reduced the rash of local disputes and the constant upward drift of piecework scales for faceworkers, but it succeeded in uniting the interests of faceworkers, support workers and surface workers for the first time since nationalisation – indeed uniting workers in one pit with those in another on the other side of the country. Combined with the increased demand for coal after the oil price rise in 1972, this put the NUM in a very strong position, which allowed it to make a national labour challenge to the Heath government.

With the introduction of the bonus scheme, the old problems have returned, but have been outweighed by the strategic benefits, for the NCB, of having fragmented the solidarity of the NUM. Wage drift has resumed, according to the MMC, and 30 per cent of recorded strikes in the first five months of 1983 were in coal mining as localised disputes flared up, but despite closures and redundancies there has not been another national strike.

One commentator has described the pay differentials between successful pits and ailing ones as a result of the bonus scheme as an 'explosive' industrial relations issue, and some sections of the MMC report were censored probably because they made clear how some pits were doing very much better out of bonus schemes than others.

Because the bonus scheme has also been successful in achieving greater productivity, coal stocks were as high as ever, despite the smaller number of workers, before the overtime ban. Through the bonus scheme the miners have been cutting their own industrial sinews twice over – by building up coal stocks *and* by reverting to sectional workteam or pit-based solidarity.

THE OVERTIME BAN, which began on 31 October last year, is an attempt by the NUM leadership to overcome both these problems. First, coal stocks are now being run down, albeit slowly, and secondly national solidarity is being patched up. An overtime ban in 1973 was the prelude to the 1974 national strike – then the ban served to heighten miners' consciousness when the government launched a campaign against them and misrepresented the NCB offer. When a ballot was held 81 per cent were in favour of strike action because of the lost earnings they had invested in the overtime ban. The present ban has brought unexpected sections of the membership behind the union's national strategy. Miners at Silverdale in the traditionally moderate Staffordshire coalfield struck in defence of the overtime ban when it was jeopardised by the winders.

Because the ban also affects the bonus, by making production targets harder to reach, it has the effect according to one NUM official of 'changing consciousness' about the bonus scheme. By exposing how much the bonus supplements the basic wage, and how unevenly it operates over the country, the overtime ban reveals the relative paucity of the basic wage and the divisive nature of the bonus scheme.

The overtime ban will probably not escalate into a national strike, however, because this is an inappropriate tactic when so many pits are threatened with closure. A 'bumper' strike tactic may be adopted whereby the endangered pits are kept working and strikes called at selected super pits. The NCB would probably respond with an attempted lockout, which the miners could only resist by occupying the pits to prevent them becoming derelict.

More likely at this stage is the widespread restriction of output to make the overtime ban more effective in running down coal stocks. Miners may adopt sabotage tactics where it is safe to do so, as much in response to the new tough line on discipline (associated with the arrival of Ian MacGregor in September, but predating him and accompanying the introduction of the new technology) as to the introduction of new technology without agreement.

The hissing and spitting in the political arena may continue, but what is really at stake is whether or not the rank and file of the NUM recognise that new technology represents a threat to them all. Whatever tactics develop, the struggle could prove as significant as the 1926 lockout and determine the extent to which other workers can hope to influence decisions about the application of new technology.

Jonathan Winterton and John Rentoul

Jonathan Winterton is lecturer in industrial technology at Bradford University and a member of the Working Environment Research Group which has studied the introduction of new technology in coal mining on behalf of the NUM.

New Statesman

Annual subscription rates*

***6 months & 3 months subscription pro rata**

UK £32; Overseas surface mail: £36 (US $59)

Overseas airmail: Europe £36; Middle East £41; S. America, India, Africa £45, Australasia, Far East £49; USA, Canada £45 (US $79)

Student subscription rates available on request

Please note: payment by cheque in Sterling or US Dollars, or International Money Order only

Please complete this form and post to:
NS Subscriptions, 14-16 Farringdon Lane
London EC1R 3AU

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....
(BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE)

I enclose £/$.....

JUSTICE

Getting nastier

Deborah Pugh shows how the Home Office is choosing to administer immigration laws

A MUCH HARSHER interpretaton of the law covering immigrants in this country now appears to be official government policy. At the same time, increasing procedural difficulties are being put in the way of those applying in the Indian subcontinent for entry visas, even when those applying are legally entitled to join their families here. It is particularly hypocritical that this should be happening under a government that makes such huge play of its support for the institution of the family.

'Primary immigration' into Britain has virtually been stopped by this government's immigration laws. Only 100 primary immigrants – people with no sponsoring relatives already here – entered Britain from the sub-continent in 1982. Overall immigration levels, too, are at their lowest since 1962. But many organisations concerned with immigrants are now convinced that the Home Office is going even further to keep down immigrant numbers. In its 1983 annual report, the Joint Council for the Welfare of Immigrants said of immigration procedures from India and Pakistan:

> The Home Office is acting by stealth in operating immigration control through measures not ostensibly designed to control immigration . . . In a desperate attempt to win the numbers game it is denying families a right they have been granted by Parliament.

Government statistics also show that nearly 1,500 people were forced to leave Britain in 1982 for the various reasons specified by the immigration laws. The majority of those forced out have no right under the law even to an immigration hearing before an adjudicator.

'Sponsors' in Britain waiting permission for their wives, husbands or children to join them – these categories make up 93 per cent of the waiting list – are finding that their chances are getting worse. The percentage of those whose applications are rejected is rising, even though the total number of applicants has been falling substantially in recent years. The government's own figures show a 30 per cent rejection rate in 1981, rising to 37 per cent in 1982. The figures available for 1983 indicate a further jump to 40 per cent.

Dependants whose applications to come here are refused by an 'entry clearance officer' do have a right of appeal. But it is a cumbersome procedure, since the 'hearing' takes place in Britain while the appellant and the officer are usually both abroad. It is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pam Isherwood/Format

Sari squad demonstrating at last year's Tory Party conference about Afia Begum, whose application to stay with her family in Britain after her husband died was refused

also a legal battle that takes place outside the normal conventions of British law. For instead of the usual principle that someone is innocent until proven guilty, in these hearings the burden of proof is on the person making the appeal. For example, a mother has to prove that a child is hers in a situation where the Home Office routinely rejects the evidence of birth and marriage certificates, medical evidence and the testimony of other witnesses. Where British women marry foreign men, the onus is on the couple to prove that it is not a 'marriage of convenience' before the man can join his wife.

The number of families wanting to appeal against a decision by an immigration adjudicator is increasing. But the Home Office appears determined to make such appeals more difficult. In a recent immigration hearing in Manchester involving Moyna Miah, a Bangladeshi woman who was appealing against a Home Office decision that the children she claimed were not hers, the Home Office argued that her lawyer had to make available in advance to the adjudicator (who is appointed through the Home Office) all the new evidence about the case and that he could only submit evidence not previously produced. In this case the adjudicator was finally convinced that there was sufficient new evidence to justify an appeal. But, if he had not been, according to the rules of procedure, he could in effect have prejudged the case by refusing to hear the appeal.

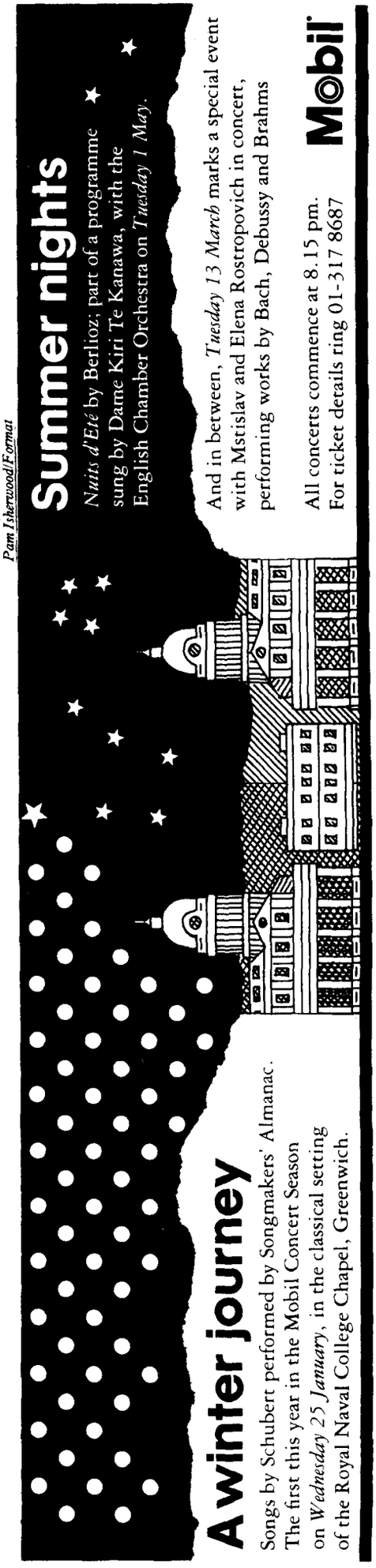
Significantly, at the same Manchester hearing, the Home Office representative argued that only 'new facts' – such as information about births and deaths – were grounds for allowing an appeal. In the Home Office's view new evidence about facts already presented at a previous hearing should be excluded. If this view becomes accepted, it would in effect bring all such appeals to an end.

The government also appears determined to achieve its political aims by changing the interpretation of the categories under which people can be deported without any immigration hearing. Originally deportations under the category of being 'conducive to the public good' were confined largely to those convicted of serious crime. Then the category was widened to include people convicted of petty offences, even when deportation has not been recommended by a court. Recently, the Home Office has indicated that it will widen this category even further. Already foreign husbands who are alleged to have entered by way of marriages of convenience have been dealt with in this way.

Individuals about to be deported on the grounds that this would be 'conducive to the public good' are, though, in a better position than those accused of being 'illegal entrants'. For at least they have a right of appeal. Ken Browne of the JCWI says: 'If the Home Office decides that someone is an illegal entrant, they can be arrested, detained and removed, even though they are untried, unconvicted, unsentenced and in administrative not criminal detention without any right of appeal.' (In 1982 some 1,000 people were held in prison on this basis. On average they were held for some 60 days, but in some cases for as long as 18 months.)

In theory these very strict immigration laws allow for appeals on compassionate grounds – at least for those with a right of appeal. Both the immigration adjudicator and the junior Home Office minister ultimately responsible for immigration policy have powers under the law to exercise compassion. 'Public interest will be balanced against any compassionate circumstances', it says.

A recent interview with the minister concerned, David Waddington, Home Office


Summer nights
Nuits d'Eté by Berlioz; part of a programme sung by Dame Kiri Te Kanawa, with the English Chamber Orchestra on Tuesday 1 May.
And in between, Tuesday 13 March marks a special event with Mstislav and Elena Rostropovich in concert, performing works by Bach, Debussy and Brahms
All concerts commence at 8.15 pm.
For ticket details ring 01-317 8687
Mobil
A winter journey
Songs by Schubert performed by Songmakers' Almanac.
The first this year in the Mobil Concert Season on Wednesday 25 January, in the classical setting of the Royal Naval College Chapel, Greenwich.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Minister of State, failed, however, to elicit what in his view would constitute any compassionate ground, sufficient to balance 'the public interest' in such cases. While refusing to comment on specific current immigration cases, Mr Waddington made his views on the subject of 'compassion' perfectly clear.

Take the case of women like Margaret Appiah, who is fighting a Home Office order that her Ghanian husband – an 'overstayer' – should return to Ghana, leaving her and their baby daughter. Mr Warrington was adamant:

> It's very difficult to think of circumstances in which one could be correct to allow a husband to stay. We decided, rightly or wrongly, that British citizen women should have the right to be joined by their husbands in this country, but that women who were not British citizens should not have that right. Now that important policy decision was based on the premise that in the vast majority of cases men who come here come here to work, whereas the same does not automatically apply in the case of women.

Or take the case of women, like Malika Bonkhalifa, who was abandoned here with her young daughter in 1977 and is now desperate to remain, rather than take her daughter back to an uncertain future in Morocco. David Waddington:

> In every single case, for instance, where a woman comes here on a temporary basis and then is left by her husband there are some compassionate circumstances, obviously, because she is going to be disadvantaged as a result of her husband having left her. But I cannot believe that it was Parliament's intention that I should interpret those as compassionate circumstances of such importance that I should waive the rule of Parliament.

It seems, therefore, that what the minister is demanding is not just compassionate circumstances to balance against the 'public interest', but *exceptional* compassionate circumstances, which is not what the law requires.

What is clear is that in many instances the laws governing immigration are vulnerable to political manipulation and short-term policy. Many in the legal profession view these laws and, as important, the procedures based on them, with increasing concern. Their effect is to deny increasing numbers of individuals rights considered to be basic in a civilised society. The result is that these rights can now only be protected by way of public campaigns and public pressure. □

THIS ENGLAND

£3 book tokens for entries printed (On postcards, please.)

□ A man who stole a loaf of bread and a pint of milk to keep himself alive was given a 12 month conditional discharge by Bath magistrates yesterday. Chairman of the magistrates, Dr Brian Langdon, said: 'Breaking into buildings, however destitute you are, however hungry you are, is just not on.' – *Bath Evening Chronicle* (Nina Louise)

□ Admiral Teissaire cut a rather pathetic figure, as Mr Kenneth Pridham, head of the Foreign Office's American Department, noted at the time. 'The Admiral's major mistake was coming not only without a uniform but without any decorations at all. The result was that at the major functions he looked unhappily like a rather inferior waiter.' – *The Times* (H. Lintott)

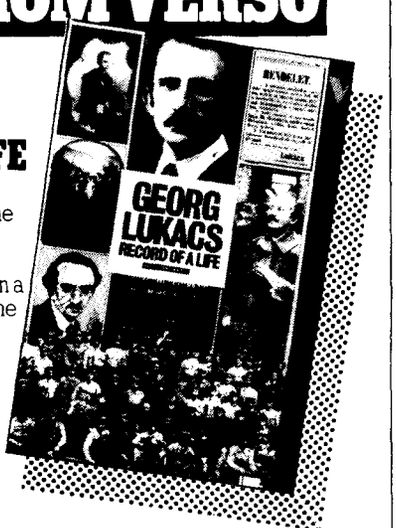
□ Romantic novelist Barbara Cartland, 82, reckons it is disastrous to live with a man before marriage. As for couples getting to know each other before marriage: 'There's no need,' said Barbara. 'There is plenty of time to do it afterwards.' – *Sunday Mirror* (Clarissa Kumar)

POLITICAL PUBLICATIONS

Advertise your political publications in this monthly page at special low rates. Contact Michael Roberts 01-253 2001 for full details.

Next feature 17 February 1984

NEW FROM VERSO



Georg Lukàcs
RECORD OF A LIFE

Verso proudly announces the publication of the great Hungarian philosopher's autobiography, as recorded in a series of conversations with the literary critic, István Eörsi. Published March.
Cloth: £18.50; Paper: £4.95

Ralph Miliband
CLASS POWER & STATE POWER

An important new book: Miliband on socialism east and west, on the Labour Party and thatcherism, on Bahro, Kolakowski and Poulantzas. A radical alternative to fashionable pessimism and abstract vanguardism.
Cloth: £18.50; Paper: £5.95

Philip S Bagwell
END OF THE LINE?

The Fate of Public Transport under Thatcher. Professor Philip Bagwell presents here a cool demolition of Thatcher's case against public transport.
Cloth: £14.00; Paper: £3.95

Verso Editions
15 Greek Street
NLB
London W1

Peter Tatchell

THE BATTLE FOR BERMONDSEY

£2.95

'One of the most important political documents published about the Labour Party since the war' – Tony Benn

heretic books

PO Box 247
London N15 6RW

The Political Economy of Underdevelopment by Tamas Szentes

Hbk pp 426. 24cm × 17cm £28.75

Provides a comprehensive political and economic analysis of one of the most pressing problems of our age, the Third World's state of underdevelopment. Gives a thorough critique of the different theories, and examines the historical roots, causes, nature, essence and inner laws of under-development within its internal context.

Collet's

From Collet's Holdings Ltd. Denington Estate, Wellingborough Northants NN8 2QT Tel. 0933 224351

TRAINING & THE STATE

Political responses to the Manpower Services Commission (MSC)

A new publication by the Training Group of the Network of Labour and Community Research and Resource Centres.

£1.25 per copy; 10 or more £1 each (inc p & p)

ISBN 0 906932 85 8

Please send to 'Training & The State' 7 Buckhurst Road Manchester M19 2DS

WRPM

WOMENS REVOLUTIONS PER MINUTE

RECORDS AND CASSETTES FROM RADICAL BOOK AND RECORD SHOPS

MAIL ORDER CATALOGUE

FROM W.R.P.M. 62, WOODSTOCK ROAD, BIRMINGHAM B13 9BN

WOMENS MUSIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SECURITY

Non-nuclear Europe

As the Stockholm disarmament conference gets under way, Stan Windass puts forward a radical proposal

ON 23 NOVEMBER 1983 the Soviet Union walked out of the Geneva negotiations with the United States on nuclear weapons in Europe. On the same day, the first Pershing II deployments began in West Germany. Just four days earlier, the German Social Democrats – one of Europe's most steady and powerful political parties – voted overwhelmingly against the deployment of the new missiles.

This vote was not just a condemnation of the US attitude to the Geneva talks – though it explicitly was that. It was also a rejection of a sacred NATO consensus about defence policy that has existed for a decade. The dominant mythology had been that of a balance between the two superpowers, expressed in threat and counter-threat.

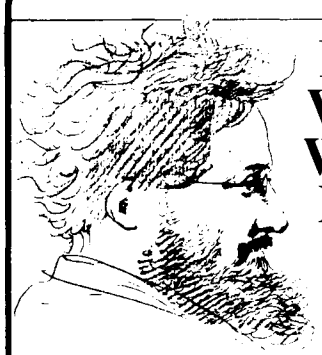
Such 'bi-polar' balance clearly had some attraction as a system of world order, once the United Nations 'great power alliance' proved unworkable so soon after the war. In the 1960s, 'MAD' – mutually assured destruction – seemed to make some kind of sense. But technology moves on; weapons improve and weapons proliferate. The two opposing sides are like giants locked in a suicidal embrace, each afraid to let go first. The trouble is that, when either of the giants sneezes, we *all* fall down. But what are we to put in place of that rejected myth of balance?

Since Europe is the interface and now the flash point between the conflicting empires, it is in Europe that a solution must be found; and any solution must imply a new vision, a new mythology.

An inevitable part of such a new vision must be a *space* between the superpowers – a European space. This points directly towards a European security system – not necessarily neutral, but not just an extension of the superpower confrontation either – and there are two possible ways of visualising such a relatively independent Europe between the two superpowers. One is to imagine a 'middle-Europe', consisting of a group of independent states – a family of equal nations, based on the principle of self-determination of peoples, in which a state's only endeavour is to be at peace with its neighbours. The second is to conceive of 'middle-Europe' as forming a coherent defensive bloc or alliance – independent, but linked, as it chose, by treaty to a superpower.

The first possibility can be called the 'Helsinki' model, because it is based on principles embodied in the Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe (CSCE) and in the Helsinki Final Act. Although it is clear that the goal of world order should be such a family of equal, free and independent states, we must find stepping-stones to reach it. There is no way that the superpowers, either jointly or severally, could release their hold over Europe to leave behind an incoherent and uncontrollable cluster of independent states. If the Soviet Union withdrew unilaterally, then very soon Western capital would flow into Eastern Europe and most of the six Warsaw Pact countries would become incorporated with the Western bloc, simply moving the confrontation further to the East. If the USA withdrew unilaterally, a divided and incoherent Europe would be vulnerable to Russian military power. The third possibility, that of a *joint* US-USSR withdrawal, is totally absurd in the light of both countries'

NEW BOOKS FOR 1984

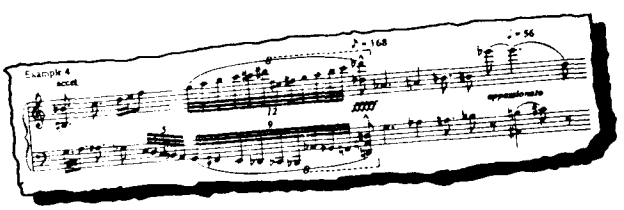


Political Writings of William Morris

edited and introduced by A L Morton

This collection has been specially expanded to mark the 150th anniversary of William Morris's birth and illustrates every aspect of his political thought and activity.

£7·50 hardback. Published January.



Shostakovich

The man and his music

Christopher Morris (ed)

A highly praised collection of essays by musicians, composers and critics which embraces all of Shostakovich's principal works and discusses the historical circumstances and the political and cultural atmosphere of their composition.

£4·95 paperback. Published February.

Miners Against Fascism

Wales and the Spanish Civil War

Hywel Francis

Hywel Francis looks at the role of the Welsh miners in the Spanish Civil War and the anti-fascist movement in Wales, drawing on interviews as well as more traditional sources. The book is profusely illustrated and includes reproductions of letters home from Spain.

£4·95 paperback, £12·50 hardback. Published February.

1939: The Communist Party of Great Britain and the War

John Attfield and Stephen Williams (eds)

The Communist Party's immediate response to the outbreak of war was to see it as an anti-fascist struggle. A month later the party decided to oppose what was now defined as an imperialist war. This book is a fascinating debate about this crucial change and its political consequences.

£5·95 (approx) paperback, £12·50 (approx) hardback. Published March.

Lawrence & Wishart
39 Museum Street, London WC1A 1LQ

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

failure to agree on even basic arms control in the 'European Theatre'. (The objections to the 'Helsinki' model apply equally to partial Helsinki-type initiatives, such as the creation of independent and neutral 'intermediate zones', incorporating the two Germanies.)

THIS LEAVES US with the second option – the formation of a coherent, independent, European bloc with a credible defence. Such a bloc could not be an East-and-West bloc (not, at least, initially) or an Eastern bloc, so it would have to be a Western bloc.

The agreement of the USSR to the formation of such a bloc would not be necessary. The agreement of the USA would be necessary – but, given a coherent and credible proposal from Western Europe, with satisfactory alliance relationship with the US and, above all, with strong supporting political consensus in Europe, there is no reason why the US should not accept such a proposal. Indeed, some possible US regimes would accept it with immense relief. The starting point for such an initiative must surely be the nations already linked by treaty in the Western European Union – France, Great Britain, West Germany, Italy and the three Benelux countries.

Up to this point, the argument will command wide and increasing agreement among many Western European political parties, as well as among the military and in research institutes. Two difficulties, however, are seen to stand in the way of a genuine European defence policy. The first is financial. It is believed that there would have to be a massive increase in European defence spending to substitute for US forces and, in addition, to build up 'parity' in conventional forces between Western Europe and the Warsaw Pact. The second concerns the nuclear problem, which is seen as virtually insoluble. There is no possibility of the Europeans 'matching' Soviet nuclear weapons and – even were a *minimum* nuclear deterrent thought to be the answer – there would be no way of resolving the question of who should control it. Neither Britain nor France is going to throw its deterrence into a European pool, while a West German deterrent would only add to the problems.

Both of these obstacles are, in fact, illusory; but, in order to dispel the illusions, we have to blow away a lot of cobwebs and rethink the whole nature of defence and security. In the case of *conventional* defence, we must first of all question the belief cultivated by NATO politicians that there is now an overwhelming preponderance of military capability on the side of the USSR. A recent authoritative study by Christian Krause, formerly responsible to the West German Ministry of Defence for analysis of NATO operations planning for Central Europe, concludes that – conservatively put – it is not possible, on the basis of the traditional force comparisons, to conclude that the Warsaw Pact is conventionally superior to Central Europe. Possibly, NATO might even come out as being conventionally superior.

In *financial* terms, however, it might be said that Western Europe could not possibly rival Soviet expenditure. But Western Europe, without the US, already spends three quarters as much on defence as the USSR; and, since defence is supposed to be very much cheaper than offence, it is hard to see why Europe cannot defend itself. Perhaps it is true, as Henry Kissinger said, that Europe is like a man so used to swimming with a life-jacket that he has forgotten how to swim without one.

THE CRUCIAL point, however, is not how many weapons you have, or how much money you spend; it is rather whether you have an effective defence. If we have a bad defence, it may not be because we don't spend enough, but because we spend it badly. There is now an accumulating mass of evidence to suggest that, if you really get your defence objectives clear, the means of stopping an invasion by tanks, ships and aircraft are becoming increasingly economical. The cost of destroying a tank effectively, even in adverse weather and in battlefield conditions, is one per cent of the price of a tank. It could well be that tanks, ships and aircraft as a means of invasion are becoming as obsolete as dinosaurs in the light of advancing technology.

If you abandon deep counter-offensive capability, then the economies which can be made in the defence budget are very great indeed. Moreover, abandoning deep counter-offensive capability has another inestimable benefit. It establishes, even to the enemy, that your posture is *unambiguously defensive*, thereby helping to defuse the arms race by undercutting the argument of the hawks on the opposing side. It is therefore by no means beyond the wit of Western Europe, if it sets its mind to it, to devise a conventional defence which is totally effective as a deterrent and affordable within existing defence budgets.

What of the second obstacle – the control of nuclear weapons? If, in addition to the questioning of bi-polar balance, there has been a second great benefit from the turmoil over Pershing II and cruise, it is a radical questioning of the whole idea of 'extended deterrence'. The idea that you can rationally plan to cross the nuclear threshold, either higher up or lower down, is being rejected by an ever-increasing body of military and political opinion. Nuclear weapons simply have no rational use. There is already, in the West, consensus that battlefield nuclear weapons are dangerous as well as useless and should be withdrawn as soon as sensible conventional defence is available. The same logic points to the withdrawal of all nuclear weapons from the European land mass – in any serious war, they would only be caught in a 'use 'em or lose 'em' dilemma.

The crucial problem about nuclear weapons in Europe is not how to control them, but how to phase them out coherently and gracefully, with maximum impact on disarmament, confidence-building and world security, leaving behind a realistic and sensible conventional defence. There would still be a 'MAD' balance between the superpowers – and the job of dismantling this should be at the top of the international agenda – but the Russian end of it would be as irrelevant to Europe as it is, now, to the tribesmen of Afghanistan.

Since both major obstacles to a revitalised Western European defensive union are illusory and, since such a union is a vital stepping-stone to world security, then clearly this is what we must achieve. The real problem is the lack of cohesion of political will and statesmanship among the European powers. That is what we have to remedy – and we have to do it before the giants sneeze. □

Stan Windass is co-director of Just Defence.

DOUBLEPLUSGOOD OFFER
New Statesman's Christmas cover illustration by John Minnion is now available as a large (A5) postcard.
A pack of ten with envelopes costs you just £3 including postage.
Use them now as late New Year cards, and throughout 1984 for birthdays, announcements, congratulations and memos....
Or keep them, frame them and hang them over the telescreen.
Send your name, address and cheque/P.O. (no need for stamps) to ROOM 101, NEW STATESMAN FREEPOST, 14–16 FARRINGDON LANE, LONDON EC1B 1EB
OFFER CLOSES 2ND MARCH 1984
DOUBLEPLUSGOOD WISHES
DON'T LET THEM THINK YOU'RE AN UNPERSON
—SURVIVE 1984 BY SENDING POSTCARDS—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DIARY

Claudia Wright

Tobago

'WHAT is a pimple on George Chambers' bum?' That question, scrawled on a lavatory wall at Trinidad's main airport, is about the prime minister of Trinidad and Tobago – a short, colourless, schoolmaster figure, who delivered a nasty 1984 budget at a special session of parliament on 11 January. The answer to the graffiti writer's question indicates the popular feeling about the mentality of the budget and of the prime minister himself – a pimple on George Chambers' bum is 'a brain tumour'.

○

The new budget came early this year, but not before a stream of propaganda to soften up public opinion. Republic Bank (the new name for the old Trinidad subsidiary of Barclays) posted slogans in its branches announcing: 'The fête is over, now back to work'. The Roman Catholic archbishop preached the virtues of individual self-sacrifice and moderation; the Employers Consultative Association warned union members not to demonstrate against the new budget – 'The country cannot afford this kind of unrest'. The *Trinidad Guardian* intimated that opposition to the government was coming from 'foreigners who owe nothing to the country'. What has happened to Trinidad and Tobago is simple. It is an oil economy – petroleum production provides roughly 90 per cent of foreign exchange earnings and 60 per cent of government revenues. With the collapse of world oil prices, Trinidadian production and revenues have dropped; the budget and trade deficits have ballooned. The government's solution is also simple. Everybody's belt has to be tightened, sombre-faced Frank Barsotti, the technocrat in charge of the Finance Ministry, told the television audience on the eve of the budget presentation. However, as he faced the camera in his reclining Leatherette chair, the message couldn't quite cover the sounds of hammering and demolition apparently coming from a nearby office. Whatever he and Prime Minister Chambers say, their budget means the demolition of the standard of living of the majority of Trinidad's and Tobago's population.

○

Among the vendors gathered under the frangipani trees outside Tobago's tiny airport, none of the women would say what they were thinking. They were there to sell their pink-and-white coconut ice and gather in as many US dollars as they could. The man selling cigarettes and caramels was not as shy. 'All dis budget do, man, is't make more thiefin'.' Many younger Trinidadians say they expect confrontation with the authorities to grow throughout the country. The police appear to expect this too.

○

Tobagonians have an added grudge against the government, which has traditionally favoured the interests of the larger island of Trinidad. The 1984 budget has almost doubled the cost of air and seafares between Port of Spain and Tobago. For weekend vacationers from Trinidad, it will now be almost as cheap to fly to Grenada or Barbados.

○

Trinidad and Tobago lie closer to Grenada than any of the other Caribbean islands, and a large group of expatriate Grenadians live in Trinidad itself. Grenada Radio is listened to on the island and the Chambers government publicly dissociated itself from the invasion. On Tobago, an island that has long wanted an extension of its own short airstrip to accommodate larger tourist jets from Europe and North America, no one believes the American claim that the Cubans were building a new airbase on Grenada. Maurice Bishop's takeover in 1979 was generally considered an improvement over the Gairy regime – the corruption and intimidation of which affected many Trinidadians directly – but the mercurial Bishop is widely viewed as having brought the overthrow and the violence that killed him on himself. The most popular view of what happened in Grenada and what is happening throughout the repression-minded islands is expressed in a calypso written by the Barbadian singer known as Gaby. *'Is it necessary to have so much soldiers in dis small country?' 'Can we afford to feed dat army while so many children need feed a-hungry?' 'Can we afford to remain passive while dat soldier army got into de masses?'* To each question, the chorus sings back: *'No, no, no, no.'*

○

Economic decline has had one benefit from the tourist's point of view, if no one else's. Tobago remains little changed in the eight years since I first began to come here. The coffee and cocoa estates are decaying because commodity prices are too low and labour prices too high to maintain them. The coconut plantations are overgrown – it is cheaper to run cattle between the trees than to climb them to collect the nuts. You can't get a fresh lime to squeeze in your rum – it is more profitable for the grower to squeeze his fruit by machine and distribute the pulp wholesale. But the beauty of the island is almost undisturbed.

○

Little Tobago, a tiny island 20 minutes by fishing boat off the Tobago shore, remains an unspoiled bird sanctuary which even the sole caretaker seems to have abandoned. 'The perfect place for nude hiking,' was the scribbled comment of a French-Canadian couple in the island visitors' book in 1982. Two years later, neither human visitors nor the mutt-mutt birds disturb such pranks. In my own list of the world's most perfect places to make love, Little Tobago ranks very close to the top – along with Sigiriya in Sri Lanka, Tikal in Guatemala and Thuburbo Majus in Tunisia. In a desperate effort to attract more tourists, some of Tobago's hoteliers plan on offering the erotic allure of the island in an advertising campaign to be called 'The Golden Ring'. Though this is intended to suggest honeymoons for the respectably married, one hotelier told me that he didn't discriminate against any type of couple, the unmarried or the gay. That generous view isn't shared by at least one of the village churches, whose members have lettered a large sign near the main island road which says: 'Man with man is an abomination'. For the time being, however, so many hotel workers have been laid off that the sense of local moral outrage has become conveniently dull.

ROGER WODDIS

That strain again

'You cannot doubt – neither can anyone else doubt – that I shall strain to go in the direction I have indicated, that I shall do everything I can to get the burden of taxation down.' – Mrs Thatcher

That strain again! it had a dying fall,
The sound of plaster falling off a wall;
But though the Voice may drop a
semiquaver,
You may be sure the Lady will not waver.
What buoys the mourners following the
hearse
Is private pickings from the public purse.

Remaining firm when others fall apart,
She fights for what is closest to her heart,
Like law and order, backing the police
And paranoia in the name of peace,
And wears the kind of concentrated frown
That comes from sitting tight and bearing
down.

Impassioned to the shallows of her soul,
Though faced by factors outside her control,
The glut of oil, the threat from foreign
shippers,
The world recession and the price of
kippers –
Despite them all, the Lady will not yield,
Though Tony Benn may come to
Chesterfield.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ray Roberts

FOREIGN NEWS: USA

Well, hello Henry

As Kissinger returns to the political stage, with his recent commission's report on Central America, Godfrey Hodgson analyses the broader implications of his re-involvement in US foreign policy

TWO DEALS, not one, lie behind the Kissinger Commission report on Central America. The first has been widely publicised. It is a compromise between the Reagan Administration and its critics in Congress. Essentially, the Administration has been willing to step up economic aid to Central America in return for a free hand for its military plans for thwarting revolutionary change in the region.

The other deal appears, at first sight, to be of less cosmic significance. It involves immediately only the reinstatement of Dr Henry Kissinger in this Administration's good graces. Ultimately perhaps – and certainly Kissinger hopes so, with every micron of ambition in his ambitious soul – it could involve his restoration to what he continues to think of as his rightful place as the Grand Vizier of American foreign policy. The successful conclusion of these two transactions is not good news for anyone and the second may yet turn out to be as ominous for us all as the first.

Kissinger has been rightly praised for the skill with which he has pulled off the first deal. The Democrats in Congress, including such key figures as Senator Robert Byrd, the top Democrat in the Senate, and Speaker 'Tip' O'Neill in the House, are deeply unhappy with Reagan's Central American policy. So is the most likely Democratic presidential candidate, Walter Mondale, who was Jimmy Carter's Vice-President.

The Democrats are cautious about criticising the Reagan policy frontally, however, because they are terrified of sounding 'soft on Communism' and in a presidential election year at that. So they are limiting their attacks to two points. They want Congressional agreement to more military aid in the region made contingent on evidence of improvement in human rights. And they want an end to the CIA's support for military operations by the Contra guerrillas against the left-wing Sandinista government in Nicaragua.

This is timid stuff. 'Human rights violations' is a pallid term for the savage campaign of murder and intimidation by the death squads in El Salvador, who are killing some 400-500 people a month, in a country the total population of which is under six million. Nor are the Congressional Democrats likely to have much effect on the secret war that the Contras are waging with American arms, money and encouragement. Still, the President needs Congressional support for the aid appropriations he wants. More broadly, he needs some kind of consensus that what he is doing in Central America is right and necessary.

That was Henry Kissinger's assignment: to negotiate the deal and to draft the report that would persuade at least a *couple* of liberals on the commission to accept the need for increased military spending. The way in which he did it was crude enough – with the promise of no less than $8 billion in aid over the next five years. Heaven knows what the people of Central America will do with aid on that scale. Heaven knows what it will do to them. At the moment, roughly three-quarters of the $160 million annual US aid to El Salvador goes to shore up the government budget. Presumably increased aid would have, among others, the following effects: it would enrich the existing elite;

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

impoverish the poor (who are the potential recruits to the guerrillas); supply the guerrillas with more arms (since at least 30 per cent of the weapons used in repression find their way into the hands of the repressed); increase inflation; increase corruption; and increase the total number of deaths from both military action and political murder.

SO MUCH FOR THE assignment and the solution. The reward for Kissinger will be that he has finally rowed his way back to the President's favour. It is easy to forget how far out of favour Kissinger had become.

He overplayed his hand with Gerald Ford, demanding to be virtually deputy President. Under Carter, he was utterly rejected. Jimmy Carter even sneered at him for 'trumpeting achievements on paper while failing to insist on them in practice'. He tried to worm his way back into the Reagan Administration and dismally failed. As late as March 1980, Reagan was bitterly denouncing him as the apostle of détente and the man who allowed the Russians to catch up and overtake American power. 'Henry Kissinger's recent stewardship of US foreign policy,' Reagan said in March 1980, 'has coincided precisely with the loss of US military supremacy.' To Europeans (who have watched the ferocity of Kissinger's hostility to socialism in Chile and his rigidity towards Eurocommunism) it is hard to credit, but Kissinger has long been anathema to American conservatives, who regard him as little better than a liberal because of his association with the hated policy of détente.

So Kissinger has had to eat quite a lot of his words and, perhaps, some of his own core beliefs – though, by his own admission, he believes so many incompatible things that it is hard to be sure about that. But he has done it and he has triumphed.

It is true that the policy recommended by his commission has no chance whatever of succeeding. It is quite likely that it will not even succeed in its cynical objective of preventing major domestic political conflict over Central America until Ronald Reagan is safely re-elected President. Yet the triumph is real. Kissinger – who knows little of Central America and cares less – has emerged once again as the master, the expert, the supreme professional. In the process – and this will have been in no way unintentional – he has managed to make the incumbent Secretary of State, poor old George Shultz, look like the clumsy amateur in foreign affairs that he is. It is highly probable, therefore, making all allowances for the uncertainties of politics, that the principal consequence of the Kissinger Commission report of 1984 will be the restoration in 1985 of Dr Kissinger as Secretary of State.

Readers of the *New Statesman* do not need to be persuaded that this is not good news for the world. We have watched Kissinger at work. We have observed the constantly changing opinions, each comprehensible only in terms of its utterer's own self-interest. We have seen the contrast between the flashy pretence of peacemaking and the cold willingness to make war. Still, it is time to shift the focus from the personal faults of Dr Kissinger to the implications of his reinstatement. Henry Kissinger says that, unless the United States pours military aid into Central America, the Soviet Union will stand poised to threaten America's inviolability in the Western Hemisphere. He asserts that a struggle to the death is at hand in Central America. Next, he implies, it is Mexico that will fall – the greatest domino of them all – and tens of millions of freedom-loving Mexicans will pour into the Sunbelt. 'Remember the Alamo' takes on a new and ominous ring.

Of course, this is paranoid nonsense. What is interesting about it is not that Kissinger believes it to be true. He may do, or he may not. What is interesting is that *even* Kissinger feels that, if he is not to deal himself out of the circle of those who have influence in Washington, he must seem to believe it.

What is alarming is the extent to which the radical Right's more extraordinary delusions have become common ground in Washington. Senator Charles Percy, for example, could be called an extreme moderate by Republican standards, yet this chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee believes that the Soviet Union plans a geostrategic stab in the vitals of the Sunbelt and has calculated precisely that (in the wake of a Mexican revolution) there would be 25 million refugees to the US. In such a climate of opinion, we had better get used to the idea that Henry Kissinger might well be a less objectionable Secretary of State than some.

When Ronald Reagan became President, it was plain that he was deeply ignorant of the outside world. In particular, he believed that any development anywhere – from the Iranian revolution to the European peace movement – running counter to the most conservative definition of American self-interest must have been inspired by the machinations of the Soviet Union. All radicalism, all radical nationalism, even the most inchoate yearnings for peace and prosperity, were, in Reagan's view, mere epiphenomena of the vast Communist conspiracy.

It seems that Henry Kissinger now shares that world view, or – if he doesn't – wants to be Secretary of State again badly enough to endorse it. This is not exactly creditable to Dr Kissinger. More important, it reveals just how fast and far the climate in Washington has moved to the Right. No one should be surprised that Henry Kissinger jumps on to the juggernaut, mistaking it for a bandwagon. It is the size of the vehicle and its accelerating momentum that should make us lose sleep. □

INDIA

Thorn in the Crown

Earlier this month Granada TV transmitted David Bolton's film *The War of the Springing Tiger* – a study of Subhas Bose, the Indian nationalist whose posthumous legend centres on the fact that he raised an anti-British Indian army with Japanese and German help. Mihir Bose, whose biography of Bose was published in 1982, takes issue with Bolton's interpretation

DAVID BOLTON'S film has aroused such anger in India that it has been banned there and could affect future visits to the country by British television crews. It is not just that it was shot through with errors of fact and interpretation, which made a travesty of this controversial but important subject; it is the larger presentation of Bose as an overweight Bengali, long on rhetoric but short on action, that is in question.

Even without Bose's controversial wartime alliance, he would be an awkward customer for most British audiences. Though in many ways he was the most Western of the great Indian nationalist leaders, he developed few of the right English connections. Unlike Gandhi, he did not become a cult figure with a certain Quaker theosophical crowd; unlike Nehru, he did not balance young Shirley Williams on his knee while discussing the international position of Fabians. Almost the only prominent British politician to have any dealings with Bose was Stafford Cripps – who, evidently, did not like him.

Also, apart from a few years at Cambridge, Bose rarely visited this country – though this was more because the India Office were almost paranoid in wanting to keep him out. Some of the tricks that they used in the 1930s might surprise even a modern Heathrow immigration officer. This was the period (1933-1936) when the British had effectively exiled him – prison was all that they would offer him in India – and Bose spent much of it in Vienna (not Germany, as Granada rather mischievously alleged). In fact, when Hitler came to power, the British did not mind his journeying to Germany, and Bose was to some extent forced to become the 'ugly Indian', fraternising with continentals and Eamon De Valera.

Bose's emotionalism, his candid acknowledgement that he saw Gandhi's non-violence as a useful weapon to be deployed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against the British – but not as a creed – all this made the contrast with Nehru, his great rival, obvious. This was vividly illustrated a month after the outbreak of World War II, in October 1939, when Subhas Bose applied for a passport to visit China. Bose was so feared by the British in his native Bengal that they were always glad to get rid of him – generally by exiling him – and they quickly approved. But the British in Delhi, worried about a 'peripatetic revolutionary' being let loose in Central Asia, disagreed. Nehru had just recently been allowed to visit China, but the Delhi official, rejecting Bose's application, noted on the file: 'Nehru, whatever his faults, is an entirely different type from Subhas Bose'. As Mountbatten was to discover a decade later, Nehru was somebody the Raj could accommodate, even identify with.

PROBABLY BOSE'S Bengali origins heightened the British distaste for him. Bengal was the first province to fall to the British, the Bengalis the first to realise the usefulness of adapting to their new rulers. Yet, in both the rulers and the ruled, this resulted only in hate and scorn. The early British scorned the Bengalis for the ease with which they had allowed Clive and his East India Company to conquer them; the later Imperial Raj ridiculed their efforts to imbibe English culture and education. In the eighteenth century, Luke Scrapton could describe the Bengalis as a 'slightly made people', with 'dejected minds' that 'fall an easy prey to every invader'. By the time that Kipling arrived, the Bengali *babu*, proudly flaunting his 'BA failed' and claiming acquaintance with Shakespeare, was a finely honed figure of Raj fun. No other great Empire – not the Roman, nor even the modern Russian – has been so horrified at the thought of cultural proselytisation.

Malcolm Muggeridge once suggested that the Arabs have always had a great appeal for a certain type of upper-class Englishman partly because they were given to sodomy, but partly for their seeming directness and simplicity, which contrasted with the deviousness of the Hindus and the Jews. Certainly the Raj did divide Indians into goodies and baddies. The ugly, deceitful Bengalis – who, finding the Raj's liberal education inadequate, started the first nationalist movement – contrasted unfavourably with the tall, upright, uncomplicated martial races of the North, credited with manliness and a certain Indian version of public schoolboy comradeship and trust. This 'two India' theory served the Raj well, since it could argue that only the English, as truly independent umpires, could speak for the 'dumb millions' – a phrase much loved by the Raj.

Bose, of course, had more than his share of the nationalist contradictions. By the time he came to political manhood in the early 20s, Gandhi was the undisputed leader of the nationalist movement, yet Bose himself was heir to the older pre-Gandhian tradition of opposing the Raj, partly through Westminster-style opposition, partly through violence. Both these contradictory traditions had been pioneered in Bengal. And, while there was a good deal of the elitist Bengali *bhadralok* (gentleman) in Subhas, there was also a good deal of the muscular Hinduism preached by the Indian guru Vivekanada, who had told his followers that they were more likely to compete with the West if they played football rather than read Hindu religious books.

The other problem was that Gandhi's nationalist revolution had so changed the political map of India that Bengal, once the leading province in the country, was reduced to the role of truculent outpost, alternatively pining for lost glory and planning revenge. It explains the rise of the curious Bengali Marxism that now governs the province.

As Bose struggled through these contradictions, it was easy enough for the British to paint him as an opportunist. Gandhi could be accommodated as part saint and part crank – though the shrewder Raj officials saw his usefulness as a bulwark against a more violent movement. But Bose fitted no easy Raj stereotype and became the ultimate pariah when, during the Second World War, he decided to open what he called 'the second front of Indian independent struggle' – in other words, to join his enemy's enemy. (For some reason, Granada thinks that this is an old Hindi saying. Actually, it is from Machiavelli.)

Bose was haunted by the fear that should there be a negotiated settlement to the Second World War – which, in its early days, was a real possibility – India would be left bereft, as after the First World War. Then, Britain had been allowed to brush away India's claim to independence because no major Indian leader had asked for it. Bose wanted to make sure that the end of the Second World War should see a prominent Indian leader abroad arguing India's case. It is also quite clear that Bose did not initially intend to go to Germany. He had no illusions about Hitler. His escape from India was planned with Communist help and he much preferred the Soviet Union. But the Russians wouldn't have him and subsequent events in Germany and Japan, including the raising of an Indian Army, were the product more of the exigencies of war than of planning.

Bose, it is true, deliberately avoided the wider implications of the awful philosophies with which he got entangled. He never denounced war-time Nazism – as he had done pre-war Nazism – when he saw it develop round him. He never took the broad view that the Nazi evil arose from the evil that he was fighting: Imperialism. He did not see this – or, if he did – did not think that it was his business to say so. This dangerous myopia flowed naturally from his notion, which over-rode all other considerations, of the good of India. In this, Bose was not unique; much the same thing was said – and still is – of Eamon De Valera's war-time Irish neutrality.

Bose deserves some credit, though, for arguing that foreign help is required to remove a colonial power. This has been the bedrock of all successful national liberation movements since the war. In the early 1940s however, for a subject non-white race even to think such a thing was revolutionary.

A MORE VALID criticism of Bose concerns the nature of the Indian nationalist movement itself. The simple fact is that the Indian nationalist movement never grew up. Gandhi, shrewdly using Hindu religious symbols, converted it into a mass movement, fighting, not so much for freedom, as for that elusive Hindu concept *Ramrajya* – the mythical Hindu Eden. Bose tried to link the movement with a wider international framework, including the Italian and Irish freedom movements, but, in the process, fell a victim to the classical colonial contradiction. Fighting a Raj that both fanned nationalism and yet denied it a legitimate expression (one British educationalist even argued that Indians could be nationalistic as long as they were not anti-British), Bose could not accept that not all of India's ills were the fault of the British.

The Raj, as Marx penetratingly observed, did, however unwittingly, bring modern ideas into India – but the nationalist reaction that these produced was distorted by the British presence. The British denied that India had ever been a nation and the nationalists saw pre-British India as a land of milk and honey – with no caste system, no evils, only genuine Indian harmony and peace. It is a measure of the continuing failure of Indian nationalism that what in most countries would be dismissed as delicious nonsense is still taken seriously. Today, P. N. Oak (once a follower of Bose) can earn respectable reviews in Indian papers for books asserting that 5,000 years ago India had an Empire which included Britain. If the world does not appreciate this, it is, argues Oak, because the relevant chapters of world history have been 'lost'. Bose was aware of India's ills, but often came close to endorsing such nonsense of pre-British bliss – if only for rhetorical purposes.

But perhaps the cruellest of Bose's legacies was that, in trying to organise an army to fight the British, an army that did have a considerable psychological effect on the Indians, he touched – and continues to touch – the rawest Indian nerve. For too many Indians, confused and disillusioned with the state of post-independent India, it seems that independence came too easily. Bose had created a powerful image of fighting the invincible white man, sweeping the British out of India and planting the Indian flag on Delhi's symbolic Red Fort. Yet, when independence came on 15 August 1947, no such event took place. Instead, the Mountbattens were cheered as they rode through the streets of Delhi, British and Indians embraced each other, while another lot of Indians slew their compatriots. Now, as Indians look back, they wonder how they achieved independence.

This explains why Bose has become the symbol and the voice of the alternative struggle for Indian freedom – and is the one Indian leader to strike chords across the entire sub-continent, even Pakistan and Bangladesh. Forty years after his death, millions of Indians refuse to believe that he is dead and – even more than Gandhi – he remains the one leader who Indians hope

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will reappear to rescue them from the mess that the others have created. He has become something like an Indian Horseman of the Apocalypse, who will suddenly re-emerge to sweep everything before him.

When I was doing my research on Bose, the most frequent questions that Indians asked was what I had uncovered about his death. Even some very experienced Indian academics and researchers are interested in proving that Bose is still alive. And when Bose's birthday is celebrated every January, at least one speaker exhorts: 'Please Subhas come home, your country needs you.' □

Mihir Bose's biography of Subhas Bose, The Lost Hero, *is published by Quartet.*

HEALTH

Alternative treatment

David Berry compares Italian and US mental health-care

ON 5 MARCH, an exhibition will open at the Kings Fund Centre in Camden on the work of *Psichiatria Democratica,* a radical coalition of mental health workers who have become the major political force in Italian mental health-care. Their story began in Gorizia – a small agricultural town near the Italian border with Yugoslavia.

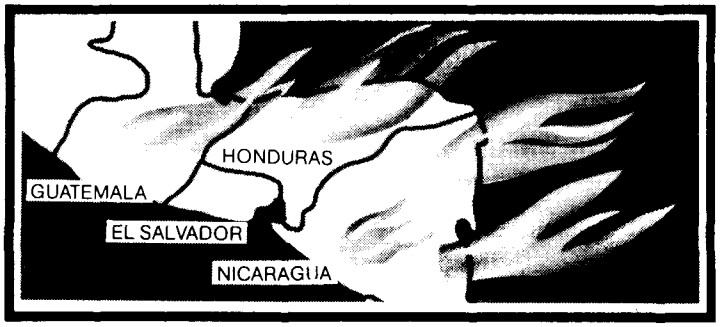
It is an unlikely setting for a mental health revolution, but in 1962 Franco Basaglia took over as director of the local psychatric hospital. He invited a group of friends who felt committed to a radical approach to join him in reforming the hospital which, like most in Italy at that time, had locked wards and an almost penal policy towards the inmates. Two things quickly became apparent to this group, the nucleus of *Psichiatrica Democratica.* There was little point in reforming the institution. It had to be closed and alternative facilities developed in the community. While many people in Gorizia accepted this view in abstract, the town still needed the hospital as an employer and as a way of segregating the mentally ill.

Basaglia faced these obstacles head-on. He started a programme of education about mental illness in the town and built alliances with local politicians. He also stressed what has since become a central part of *Psichiatrica Democratica*'s policy: the hospital would be closed gradually and not before full community mental health centres were developed. No jobs would be lost and no staff or patients would be moved from the hospital to the centres until they wanted to. The Gorizia hospital eventually closed with full support from the initially hostile staff and town and the patients transferred to local centres.

Meanwhile, Basaglia had moved on to Trieste in 1968 and Orientsa in 1972 to implement similar programmes. *Psichiatrica Democratica* had by then evolved into a non-hierarchial movement of mental health workers much influenced by Italian Marxists. Although Basaglia achieved much success in Christian Democrat-controlled Trieste, his comrades found most support for their radical demolition of mental hospitals in the socialist and communist towns in North and Central Italy. They closed the hospitals and opened local centres in Bologna, Perugia and many other places during the 1970s and had one success in the South in Naples.

In 1975, the group took a national political initiative. They lobbied the small Radical Party to organise a national referendum on mental health. Under the Italian constitution, 500,000 signatures are required to force a referendum and they got them. An embarrassed Christian Democratic government chose the only other option to a costly referendum – legislation. They turned to Basaglia, a Communist Party member, to draft it. The result was the Italian Mental Health Law of 1978 which stated that no patient could be admitted to a mental hospital after 1980; that only 15 beds per 200,000 population would be allowed in a general hospital for mental illness; that no staff

THE AGONY OF CENTRAL AMERICA



THE POOR NEED OUR SUPPORT NOW!

Caught in the vice of competing political and economic ambitions, the people of Central America are challenging decades of poverty and oppression by unpopular governments.

War on Want is working with them backing grass roots and popular organisations tackling the root problem – poverty. In Guatemala and El Salvador with health, and emergency projects for the thousands who have fled repression. In Nicaragua with support for educational, health and production cooperatives which continue in the face of the foreign-funded invasion.

More needs to be done. Please support our EMERGENCY FUND for new projects and public information work here so that the voice of the poor in Central America is heard.

Official aid ignores the real need. The poor in Central America need the direct support of British people. Please help now. Generously.

WAR ON WANT, Freepost, Room 79, 467 Caledonian Road, London N7 9BE

WAR ON WANT

Please send your donation with this form to:
WAR ON WANT, Freepost, Room 77,
467 Caledonian Rd., London N7 9BE
(no stamp needed)

I want to help in Central America and enclose a donation of £_____ £25 ____ £50 ____ £100 ____

☐ tick for receipt ☐ please send me details of how to covenant

Name _____

Address _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would be made redundant; and that properly-funded Mental Health Centres were mandatory in every community.

The astonishing thing about all this is that *Psichiatrica Democratica* have never had majority support among Italian psychiatrists, who mostly adhere – like their British counterparts – to a medical model of mental illness. They have also never had official support from the main political parties. The group succeeded in changing policy because it had a strong and influential view of mental health-care policy at a time when something had to be done about the mental hospitals. As Shula Ramon, a LSE lecturer who has made a special study of *Psichiatrica Democratica*, says: 'There are factors specific to Italian politics that helped their success, for example the weakness of the Italian medical establishment and local councils wanting to be seen as prefiguring revolutionary change. But they show what can be done by a strong forceful group who are not afraid to think about mental health politically'.

This Italian experience contrasts starkly with the United States, where there was a similar movement for reform in the 1950s and 60s, which became enshrined in the 1963 Community Mental Health Centres Act. President Kennedy said when the Act was passed: 'Custodial mental institutions will be replaced by therapautic centres. It should be possible to reduce the number of patients in mental institutions by 50 per cent within a decade or two'.

It is true that the number of beds in state mental hospitals has been reduced by half in the last 20 years, but few hospitals have been closed and the number of psychiatric wards in *general* hospitals has increased from 390 in 1965 to 1,400 in 1977. There are only 650 community Mental Health Centres. As Dr Loren Moscher, a Professor of Psychiatry in Maryland, points out: 'The 1963 legislation worked for a *new* clientele and didn't take care of the chronically ill or psychotic patient.' The American reforms produced a new generation of psychiatric patients who, instead of living out their lives in asylums, oscillate between private nursing homes and out-patient medication. Re-admissions to mental hospitals have doubled since the 1950s and admissions are starting to go up again.

The American movement to close mental hospitals is now seen as a failure and has served the aims of the Right. The conservative psychiatric establishment has gained more power over the mentally ill by determining the organisation of many of the local health centres and integrating mental health-care into general hospital practice. Privatised lodging houses for the undesirable long-term patient, usually poor and working-class, are booming. This, as Andrew Skull has convincingly argued*, is because the political pressure to close the mental hospitals emerged from a right-wing desire to save money once national state benefits made basic survival of mental patients outside the hospital possible. One observer summed it up: 'American Community Psychiatry had no political constituency'. □

*A. Skull, Decarceration (Prentice-Hall).

SOMETHING YOU OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT

The pressures of modern life tend to distract our attention from fundamental realities. There is a spiritual basis to life which many of us are now ignoring at the cost of our happiness and security. There are some eternal verities behind the teachings of all religions. In your own interest, learn something about these from THEOSOPHY, the Ageless Wisdom Religion.

Write for information to:

The Blavatsky Trust (B)

P.O. Box 16, London W3 6HS

WEST GERMANY

Radical rumblings

Tony Catterall reports on strains between Greens

Cologne

THE GREENS – West Germany's radical environmentalist party – have taken their first step towards political 'responsibility'. The party in the state of Hesse decided over the weekend to work with the Social Democrat minority government. But the decision only underlined the current turmoil within the party.

First, the Greens' federal executive in Bonn unanimously condemned the basis for the decision in Hesse. Then one of its 'star' MPs in Bonn, former General Gert Bastian, came out with a long list of complaints about how the party operates and threatened to quit if they were not met.

The executive took the view that the Hesse party was selling its votes too cheaply to the SPD caretaker premier, Holger Börner, who desperately needs support in order to get through last year's budget. Börner only approached the Greens after he had been turned down by the opposition Christian Democrats and their Free Democrat (liberal) allies. He had nowhere else to go, but even so flatly refused three demands which are 'articles of faith' for the Greens: (1) operating nuclear power stations would not be closed down; (2) nor would a factory manufacturing fuel rods for nuclear power plants; and (3) resident foreigners would not be granted the right to vote in local authority elections. In the view of the Federal Executive, the failure to secure agreement on any of these points loses the Greens a large part of their credibility as *the* environmentalist party and the only one which really fights for the rights of foreigners.

The Hesse party acknowledges that the agreement is far from perfect, but after two months of hard negotiations 'it was the only one available'. And, it says, all the issues are still 'on the table'. The move is a triumph for the 'pragmatists' within the party, but – precisely for that reason – it could exacerbate the other current row, provoked by Bastian's outburst against the 'fundamentalists' (so called because of their 'fundamental opposition' to the present political system).

In a letter to the other 26 Federal Green MPs, Bastian listed a number of 'wrong developments' since the party reached the Bundestag in last year's general election. The former general – who resigned his Bundeswehr commission in protest against Nato's nuclear policies – is particularly upset by what he sees as entryism by communists, who by 'cadre tactics' have perverted Green opposition to the power blocs of both East and West into 'one-sided opposition to American imperialism'. His prime targets are former members of 'Group Z', a splinter from the effectively defunct Maoist-leaning Communist League, who are among the most efficient organisers within the Greens. Despite Bastian's allegations of a 'class-struggle orientation' arising, most observers consider them genuinely to have abandoned ideas of revolution.

Bastian is also strongly critical of the 'rotation principle', under which MPs – and party officials – 'return to the basis' after two years in office to avoid becoming professional politicians. (Under the West German electoral system, when an MP resigns, or dies, his or her place is automatically taken by the person next highest on the 'party list', so there are no by-elections.)

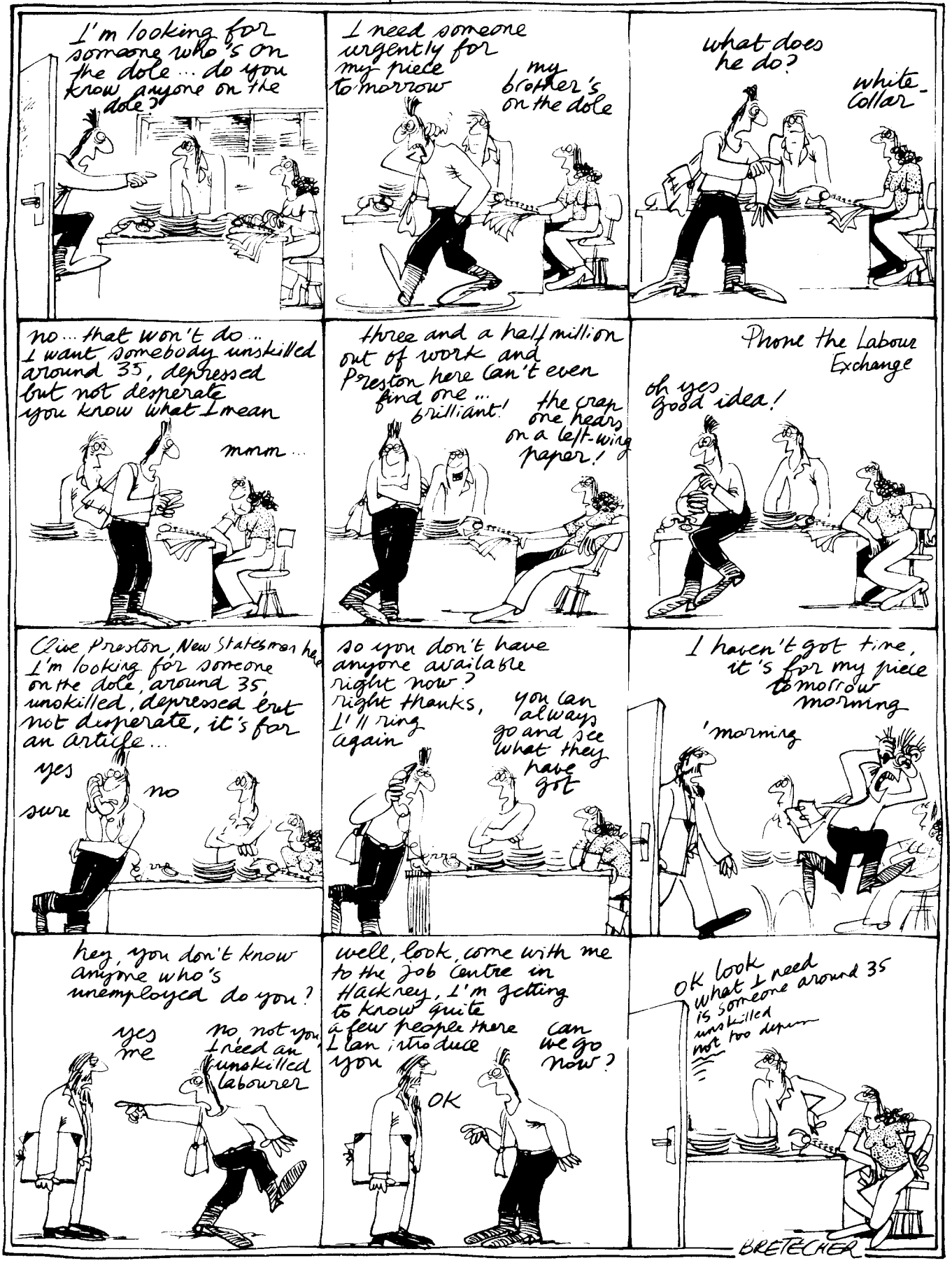
Anticipating the reply that successive party conferences have upheld the rotation principle as an essential part of the Greens' 'grass-roots democracy', Bastian argues that he is supported by 'two million voters', as opposed to merely 'delegates representing only about 30,000 party members.' The argument conveniently forgets that no Green MP, himself included, was personally and directly voted into the Bundestag: they all went in via the party list. As one of his critics caustically noted, 'If he continues to follow that logic, he'll have to vote with the government'. He has, of course, no such intention, saying that if he is 'forced' to leave the party he will continue to work for its policies as an Independent MP.

Bastian has no supporters in the parliamentary party who feel as strongly as he does. So, if he does indeed leave the party, he is not likely to take anyone with him. Which is just as well because, by another peculiarity of German electoral law, a party needs 5 per cent of the popular vote to be represented in parliament, with the corollary that it must then have 5 per cent of the MPs. If its Bundestag representation falls under 5 per cent, it is no longer recognised as a parliamentary party – losing the right to have representatives on standing or select committees and, more importantly, to state financing. The Greens would be down to 36 MPs without Bastian. The loss of one more would put them under the limit. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRETECHER

WORLD IN ACTION


I'm looking for someone who's on the dole... do you know anyone on the dole?
I need someone urgently for my piece to-morrow
my brother's on the dole
what does he do?
white-collar
no... that won't do... I want somebody unskilled around 35, depressed but not desperate you know what I mean
mmm...
three and a half million out of work and Preston here can't even find one... brilliant!
the crap one reads on a left-wing paper!
Phone the Labour Exchange
oh yes good idea!
Clive Preston, New Statesman here I'm looking for someone on the dole, around 35, unskilled, depressed but not desperate, it's for an article...
yes
sure
no
so you don't have anyone available right now?
right thanks, I'll ring again
you can always go and see what they have got
I haven't got time, it's for my piece to-morrow morning
'morning
hey, you don't know anyone who's unemployed do you?
yes me
no, not you I need an unskilled labourer
well, look, come with me to the Job Centre in Hackney, I'm getting to know quite a few people there I can introduce you
OK
can we go now?
OK look what I need is someone around 35 unskilled not too dumm
BRETECHER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Children at work

Sheila Clark, Secretary, T&GWU, Lothian Voluntary Organisations Branch

I read with interest Sheila Rowbotham's article (*NS* 13 January) on the centrality of childcare to socialist initiatives in local government.

On the evidence of last year's conferences, women in the Labour movement in Scotland are looking increasingly to workplace crèches to fill the gap left by the abolition of the statutory requirement to provide nursery education and by cuts in services in Tory-held Regions. The implications for Labour's commitment to an 'integrated system of childcare' have not been thought out. We have disregarded what is to be 'integrated': i.e. the two-tier system of 'nursery education' and 'day-care', administered by different Council Departments and staffed by workers with different pay and conditions. Social Work's children's centres, caring for children outside fixed hours and school terms, but with minimal educational provision, are increasingly the Cinderella service.

At the STUC Women's Conference, I was accused of talking pie-in-the-sky for quoting the 1979 Under-Fives' Charter. It is equally pie-in-the-sky to expect employers to concede crèches providing the services of qualified nursery teachers – unless they employ as 'crèche assistants', with implied wage-cuts, nursery teachers/nurses whose local authority contracts have not been renewed. So we get another Cinderella service.

I am *not* against working parents negotiating the best short-term deal they can get, but Labour's future policies must take account of developments. For other reasons (e.g. transport convenience) some workplace nurseries may become highly popular with parents. Secondment of qualified staff from the local authority may be one answer. In the meantime, the Women's Advisory Committees of the TUC and STUC should closely monitor workplace childcare facilities as they are negotiated.

Museum piece

John Letts, Chairman, Museums Action Movement, National Heritage

It is not only local government that is 'all shook up' (*NS* 13 January). I'm all shook up myself. Mick Hamer's article aims to inform us reasonably comprehensively about the consequences that will follow from abolition of the metropolitan counties. He covers transport, traffic lights, computers, airports, elms, even rubbish. Well, what about museums?

What we know of government plans in that area of our life seems administratively illiterate. Government tells us that the Laing Art Gallery will become The Tate's responsibility. The Tyne and Wear Authority tells us The Tate trustees refuse to accept this gift. As for the many museums whose funding comes from several authorities – for instance, Beamish – no one in authority seems to have any solution in view at all.

But Hamer's omission is a kind of Freudian slip by the *New Statesman*. Museums are not thought of as being important by the Labour Party. The Leader cheerfully starts the dismembering of The British Museum with a frivolous off-the-cuff promise about the Elgin Marbles – yet neither he nor the party's current spokesperson for the Arts, Norman Buchan, seem ever to have discussed the complicated subject of restitution with the Director or the Trustees. At Walworth Road, the enquiry section has to consult for some time before it can remember who the spokesperson *is*.

This contemptuously offhand treatment of museums – by both parties – seems odd when one reflects that, overall, they almost certainly make a higher positive contribution to Britain's economy than the motor car industry. And aren't we all supposed to be planning for an age of greater enforced leisure?

Now we've all had a good laugh

Martin Pursey, Birmingham

Moyra Doorly's report on time spent with the Territorial Army (*NS* 13 January) is amusing and, despite the odd error, contains much that is familiar to an ex-TAVR private.

But I don't think that the TA is about the dreams and illusions of Empire à la Kipling. In 1974-'75, training and lectures revolved around Internal Security and 'backing up the police'. Later, NATO-role training resumed, but we thought then that far and away our most likely deployment 'for real' would be against a domestic enemy. Perhaps this government's new 'Home Guard' of middle-aged Key Point Defenders – and let's hear an insider's report of *that* Tory militia – has taken over that role, and the TA is now all lean and fighting NATO-fit . . . but I doubt it.

Socialists (above all the Labour Party) must decide whether Defence is boring, or merely funny and distasteful by turns. If the latter, their policies on military matters will make them more vulnerable to the owning class, who have in their possession the machinery of loyalty and tribal symbols which is enough to make men fight. If they find it all boring, they should reconsider the old proposition that a standing professional army is a standing danger to civil liberty . . . I find that idea newly persuasive with each new militarisation of our society. Anyone fancy seconding a move at Labour Party meetings to re-adopt military conscription? I know the professional army officers don't like the idea – they know the alternative to a professional army is a civil militia. As for us, we can always pay others to do our dirty work . . . Can't we?

Racism and schools

Ian Murch, General Secretary, National Union of Teachers, Bradford Association, West Yorkshire

It is a pity that your correspondent (*NS* 13 January) should jump on a bandwagon, started by some of our local councillors, of exaggerating the amount of racism in Bradford schools and blaming teachers for it. To assert that Paki-bashing is a cultural norm in Bradford, indulged in by children from six years old upwards, and that teachers are indifferent to it, is offensive nonsense.

The overwhelming majority of teachers are committed to the concept of educating pupils to be part of a multi-cultural society and resisting racialism, and this is reflected in their practice in schools. The NUT has been collecting information about racist incidents in and around Bradford schools for several years and reporting them to the Authority – and, until the bandwagon started to roll, had great difficulty in getting taken seriously. Contrary to the impression created by your article, such incidents have up to now been infrequent.

The article also creates the impression that a black headteacher, Mr Carlton Duncan, who is a member of the NUT, is trying to run a school in which many pupils are members of the National Front without the support of the NUT members on the staff. In answer to smears published in the local and national press, the NUT members at Wyke Manor School have repeatedly affirmed their total hostility to racialism and their support for Mr Duncan in this context. I am unable to find anyone connected with the school who has any knowledge of National Front membership amongst the pupils.

Teachers in Bradford, led principally by the NUT, have recently fought for and won sufficient public support to force the ruling Tory and Liberal/SDP coalition to withdraw a massive cuts package proposed for education in the city. It is not long since we had to do the same thing to a controlling Labour group. We cannot help suspecting that vicious attacks on teachers by several councillors in the local press – one has described teachers in general as 'neo-fascists' – are intended to cut us off from popular support in our resistance to a new round of cutbacks currently being prepared.

The one school where there is generally agreed to have been some racial violence recently is in an area with over 40 per cent unemployment. We as a Union have no doubt that racism is, and will continue to be, a problem in such circumstances. Our members will continue to oppose it as positively as they can, but they will not always succeed and it will not be their fault when they do not. We condemn the hypocrisy of those who claim to lead a campaign against racism, for which they blame teachers, while planning to cut spending on education and supporting economic policies which create mass unemployment and urban decay, which is the ground on which the real fascists breed.

Ed note: Due to a typographical error, 'Schools of racism' (*NS* 13 January) was incorrectly credited. The author was Dave Harrison.

Faster roads faster

I. S. Brown, Project Manager, National Economic Development Office

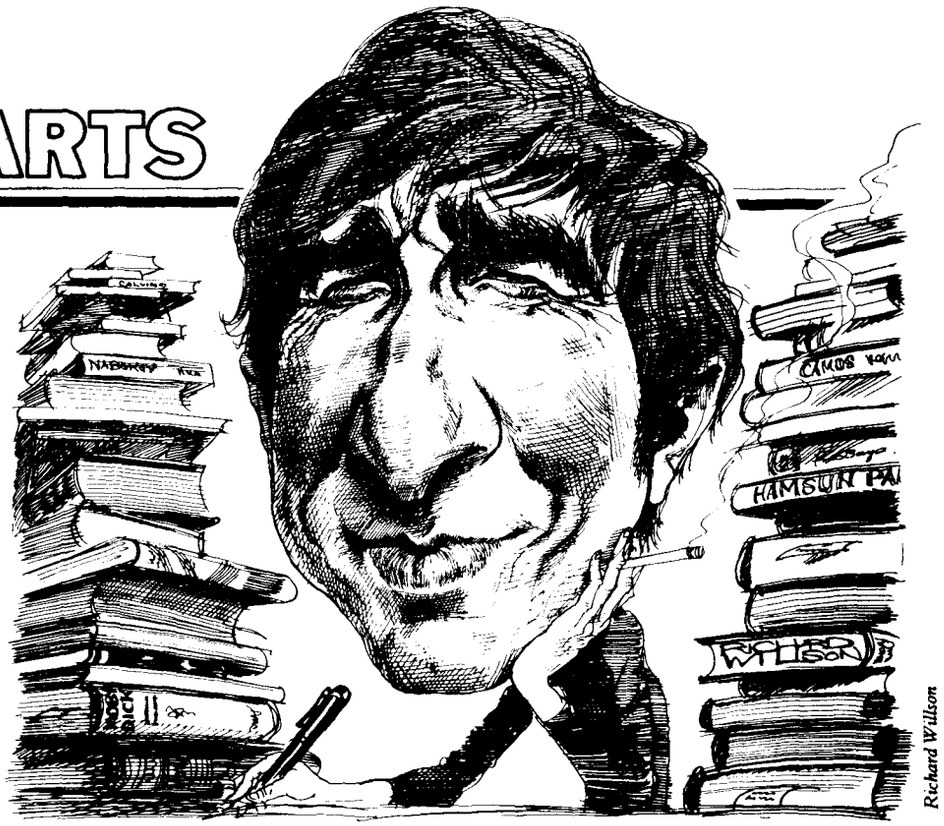
Thank you for entering the debate, with your extensive review (*NS* 6 January) of the Civil Engineering EDC's document on Pre-construction Procedures for Motorways and Trunk Road Schemes. But you imply that a series of draconian measures have been endorsed by the Little Neddy and will be readily accepted by the Department of Transport. You don't make clear that the report is published simply as a discussion paper.

The Civil Engineering Neddy recognises that some of the proposals, while a good deal more modest than you suggest, are nevertheless likely to be controversial, and is actively seeking – by 20 March – comments on these and additional ideas on how to reduce the very long time now taken to bring a road scheme to the starting line for construction. Nor was the report 'drawn up in close consultation with the Department of Transport'. The role of the liaison official whom you name was limited to advice to the (lay) members of the Task Force which prepared the report on questions of fact, and help on setting up discussions.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

David Montrose

Non-slip polish



Richard Willson

Hugging the Shore: Essays and Criticism
JOHN UPDIKE *Deutsch* £21

A 900-page shelf-buckler containing an expansive sweep of material – sketches, reportage, literary essays, reviews on divers subjects, introductions, translations (of Yevtushenko), interviews – almost entirely written during the eight years since *Picked-up Pieces*, in which period Updike has published three novels (and completed another), three story-collections and a volume of poetry: *Hugging the Shore*, like its predecessor, bears impressive witness to authorial fecundity and versatility. As before, essays and reviews drawn mainly from *The New Yorker*, that reviewers' paradise of abundant space, constitute the bulk of the gathering. These are sandwiched between lean sections comprising an assortment of lightweight fact and fiction and a series of self-comment on his oeuvre. This latter, less informative than the 'One Big Interview' of *Picked-up Pieces*, is notable for an instructive exposé of propagandistic distortions undertaken by a Soviet translator of two Updike poems.

A sense of knowledge having been brushed up, homework done, underlies nearly every piece on 'other people's books'. Reviewing a selection of Colette's letters, Updike refers to the French edition from which it is taken; his assessment of Vonnegut's *Slapstick* embraces six other books by the writer. Faced by *Petersburg*, Andrei Bely's novel of the Czarist capital, Updike consults an earlier translation for purposes of comparison. A formidable array of authors is discussed. Some are familiar inhabitants of Updike's reviews: Nabokov, Hamsun, Joyce, Borges, Grass, E. B. White, Spark, Karl Barth, Tillich . . . Newcomers range from Kafka and Beckett to Natsume Sōseki and T. Obinkaram Echewa. Customarily, several reviews illuminate byways of Updike's mind. He considers a study of the Ming dynasty, an account of the creation myths of the Makiritare tribe of Venezuela, Doris Day's 'autobiography', a history of American illustration. An unexpected pleasure – unexpected because a new venture, into literary scholarship – is 'Three Talks on American Masters': psychological studies (of Hawthorne, Melville and Whitman) of the kind undertaken by Edmund Wilson in *The Wound and the Bow* and, more recently, by Leon Edel. The most ambitious of these, 'Melville's Withdrawal', investigates the myth of Melville's retreat into wounded silence following the critical and popular failure of *Moby-Dick*. In fact, Updike finds, both reviews and sales were better than for *Mardi*, the author's previous novel: his 'withdrawal' – shown to be 'not so instant or so complete' as its mythic image – was a far more complex matter than the standard interpretation allows, and here receives an examination which recognises that complexity.

Reviewing is normally a question of combining praise and censure in the correct proportions. Updike is inclined to be a benign reviewer: his cavils about the time and money expended on the Yale edition of Boswell's papers come as a surprise more for their unusual harshness than their unusual wrong-headedness. Even so, he is by no means impervious to shortcomings. On the contrary, his praise is seldom unqualified, and only then for the payment of homage to revered masters of style like Henry Green and E. B. White. But a weakness for fine, though not fancy, prose can lead to him getting his proportions wrong, seeming to praise with faint damns through allowing accomplished parts to overshadow unsatisfactory wholes. Favourites like Bellow, Anne Tyler, Spark and Iris Murdoch are the chief beneficiaries of this indulgence, but any author who provides sufficient instances of craftsmanship – 'magical passages', 'splendid scenes and moments' – stands a fair chance of having whatever stern judgments he or she might deserve commuted to lesser reproofs.

Updike combines professionalism with the sensibilities of the common reader. He dislikes polemical fiction and believes that literature becomes 'flimsy and frivolous' if it ventures 'too far from the home base of all humanism – the single, simple human life that we all more or less lead . . .'; he complains at high prices (this, ironically, in an outrageously expensive volume) and books' physical shortcomings. He is at his least forgiving when confronted by difficult writing. (At one point, bravely disregarding literary one-upmanship, he even hints that *Tristram Shandy* might be tedious.) An expectation of readability reaches into improbable places, as when E. M. Cioran, a Rumanian philosopher who writes in French, is scolded for fulfilling unevenly his 'duty to be interesting'. Predictably, as in *Picked-up Pieces*, Updike's encounters with postmodernism are often a mite uneasy. Robert Pinget's works are described as 'more than a little exasperating', Peter Handke's as 'repellent', Calvino's *The Castle of Crossed Destinies* as 'arduous'. Grass again proves tough: Updike's 'consumption' of *The Flounder* 'was spurred on by no other hunger than the puritanical craving to leave a clean plate'. There is, of course, nothing wrong in a reviewer passing on reactions like these. Quite the reverse. It is, after all, an extremely pertinent criticism that *S/Z* by Roland Barthes (of whom, somewhat surprisingly, Updike is elsewhere appreciative) is 'nearly unreadable'. And literary excellence remains Updike's paramount consideration: difficulty is no guarantee of his disapproval, just as its opposite is no guarantee of his approval.

Updike's cardinal flaw as a reviewer, a self-imposed one, bulks large only when his work is judged as a body of literary criticism making the claim for longer-lasting consequence than is implied by transference from magazine columns to hard covers. In a way, he is the victim of his own conscientiousness. His critical procedure, outlined in the foreword to *Picked-up Pieces*, rests on the self-effacing belief that reviews should be primarily descriptive. To this end, he sticks close to the texts, showing more often than telling, quoting at length. Within these limits, Updike displays all the critical qualities previously mentioned and does not take self-effacement so far as to dampen his exquisite prose or suppress his personality to anywhere near

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

invisibility; but the effect is still to illuminate with a narrow beam that is hardly conducive to enduring value. Indeed, several reviews devoted to obscure books and bookmen are almost dead letters already.

Updike's judicious assessments of literary notables and minor figures he particularly admires are still worth knowing, of course, and one regrets that here, as in the past, apparently at the choice of *The New Yorker*, his dealings with modern American literature scarcely ever involve writers of his own generation, but instead seniors like John O'Hara, Bellow and John Cheever, or juniors such as Tyler, Tim O'Brien and Don DeLillo. Moreover, his 'curious hobby', Christianity, does enable him to perceive facets of certain authors that might have been imperceptible to others, while insights flash intermittently elsewhere: on Céline's technique, on Western evaluations of 'dissident novels', on the cultural nostalgia of Lévi-Strauss. But he rises above the level of polished competence only seldom, notably in his observations on Edmund Wilson's *The Thirties*, the letters of Hemingway and Calvino's anthology of Italian folktales. Polished competence consistently achieved is, of course, no little feat, especially when one bears in mind that the volume represents a collection and not a selection. Nevertheless, the final judgment must be that, for all their virtues, Updike's reviews do not generally possess the discursive breadth, nor reveal enough of their celebrated author, to be of long-term significance. Stepping outside his self-imposed limitations might better justify hard covers. Better still would be for him to undertake fewer reviews and more essays like 'Melville's Withdrawal'. □

FICTION
Marion Glastonbury

Days of judgment

The Life and Loves of a She-Devil
FAY WELDON *Hodder* £8.95
Kewpie Doll
BARBARA HANRAHAN *Chatto/Hogarth Press*
£7.95 & £3.95
Sister Age
M. F. K. FISHER *Chatto/Hogarth Press*
£8.95 & £3.95

Fay Weldon's neo-Gothic fable, **The Life and Loves of a She-Devil,** is set vaguely in suburban America, but addresses itself to the plight of plain women – ' "dogs" as they call us' – everywhere. An iconoclastic story of ironic reversals, it inverts the conventional wisdom, 'Handsome is as handsome does', in a cost-benefit analysis of marriage and motherhood.

Nature falls short. The ill-favoured get dumped. God moves in ways too mysterious to be borne. Altruism is a mug's game. When the worm turns, and rancour breaks through the resignation, the lessons of malice and mayhem must be learned from scratch. Here they are spelled out in a voice that is by turns piously child-like and primly severe: 'Mary Fisher lives in a High Tower, on the edge of the sea; she writes a great deal about the nature of love. She tells lies.' The fairy tale becomes a bank statement as we hear of the increasing wealth and beauty of this romantic novelist. Then the narrator, huge and hypersensitive, blurts out her own humiliation: 'Mary Fisher is loved by my husband, who is her accountant. I love my husband and I hate Mary Fisher.'

Dazed by Bobbo's betrayal and defeated in her domestic struggle to please him, Ruth resolves to live up to his demonic depiction of her, assuaging grief with vigorous and efficient rage. As she disposes of son, daughter, home, pets; founds a business empire, makes millions, beds strangers; brings Bobbo to jail and Mary to the grave, the ingenuous prose reflects the simple logic of her chosen goal, while the intricate plot records the cunning of her stratagems. There is never any doubt that vengeance will triumph, but suspense is maintained and surprise created throughout the adventures in which Ruth stoops to conquer.

The last metamorphosis is achieved by cosmetic surgery. But, as the transfigured Ruth, stripped of her bandages, torments her spurned spouse by reincarnating her dead rival, *Schadenfreude* fails us and the climax falls somewhat flat. The sweetness of revenge is usually conveyed in fiction with the bonus of honour publicly restored, reputation enhanced, manhood vindicated. When the original Self had no dignity, manhood or public status to lose, and has, in any case, been reconstituted beyond recognition, it's just not the same. Mary's charms are paradoxically perpetuated by Ruth's imitative envy. On this showing, the price of the feud is high; the rewards – luxury and cruelty – a disappointment.

The Australian artist Barbara Hanrahan describes, in **Kewpie Doll,** the failure of a girl's first experiment with oil paint: 'my rainbow colours reduced to a single drab shade of brown'. Great care is taken to avoid a similar mistake in the heroine's narrative, where the reminiscences of childhood and adolescence – her own, her mother's, her grandmother's – are kept vividly distinct, each subtle phrase giving separate satisfaction.

The thread of thought is sometimes lost in the teeming inventory of clothes and furnishings, the artful coruscation of faceted impressions, and, apart from relatives, the supporting cast consists almost entirely of transients who vanish after a couple of appearances. But it is perhaps characteristic of the formative years that, amid the general newness and strangeness of the world, nothing stands out as surprising. In retrospect, what was most familiar is most to be wondered at, not least the former stance of the beholder. This lyrical memoir discovers a radiance in the humdrum routines of downtown Adelaide, and, in its scrupulously detached fashion, noting only externals, pays tribute to the corseted women of the cosy crowded working-class home from which the girl was then desperate to escape.

M. F. K. Fisher, born in California in 1908, also writes in praise of the elderly. After the lapidary polish of studied naiveté in the aforementioned novels, the fluent, discursive amplitude of her historical perspective is particularly welcome. This selection of 15 short stories composed over two decades is entitled **Sister Age,** on the analogy of St Francis's greeting to 'Brother Pain'. Apart from a few whimsical resurrections and hauntings – standard makeweights in this sort of book – her epiphanic encounters bring together outsiders and insiders, the traveller and the stay-at-home, the old hand and the newcomer, exchanging (usually) approving glances.

An itinerant wax-polish salesman revisits a rural customer after a war-time absence of five years. A lonely divorcée is introduced by her gregarious children to a new admirer. An expatriate American watches the gradual resurgence of strength in her French landlady in the aftermath of the Occupation. In each case, the foreigner is somehow rejuvenated by conscious ignorance of what lies across the threshold, forever embarking on an initiation, an apprenticeship that is destined never to be complete. Survival, durability, is naturally at a premium. Among the virtues, indomitable zest and cheerful stoicism take pride of place. M. F. K. Fisher is not only an authority on food and wine, but also a connoisseur of labour. She celebrates the dogged individual efforts that sustain, through customs, rituals and recipes in particular places, the evolving traditions of collective enjoyment. □

BIOGRAPHY
Michael Hofmann

Fresh starts

Kleist: A Biography
JOACHIM MAASS *Secker* £12.95

Joachim Maass's *Kleist* is a model biography. The credit for this goes to the author, to the spirited translator Ralph Manheim, but most of all to the subject: a mixture of visibility, gestural force, intelligence and mystery that – meaning no disrespect to him in other ways – is perfect for biography.

This is the more striking in that those two stand-bys of biography, the parentage and childhood of the subject, have almost no role to play, partly because of our near-ignorance of them, but partly also because they did not matter. Kleist would appear to be that extraordinary thing, a modern without a childhood (he said of it only that it was 'joyless') and without formative relationships. The first 22 years of his life are covered in 22 pages, two-thirds of his 'short and terrible life' in one-fifteenth of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the book. Only a little later, we see him as a drastic and already experienced fugitive from his own life:

> Thus far, his life had consisted of one leave-taking after another – from the army, from the glitter of the salons, from the sciences, from a career that might have secured his livelihood, and finally from the programmatic rationalism instilled in him by the waning Enlightenment. He was now terrifyingly free.

It is this freedom that makes the life of Kleist so exhilarating to read about. It was full of fresh starts, or false starts. As well as the things listed above, he took up, or thought of taking up, farming, politics, literature, economics, and dropped them all. Four times in his life – this was during the Napoleonic Wars – he was suspected of espionage, and was once imprisoned for several months in a French fortress. He lived all over Germany, Switzerland, France and Austria. For a time, he was the editor and chief contributor of *Die Berliner Abendblätter*, one of the earliest daily newspapers in Germany. And yet, it was not these activities that were significant so much as Kleist's aptitude for them (and, had he lived longer, no doubt there would have been others), and the way in which they were abandoned in the familiar pattern of 'one leave-taking after another'. This restless progress, finding peace and fulfilment in none of the possibilities that his time could offer him, had the effect of detaching him from it, and of making him seem like a contemporary, now, 200 years later. 'The inside of my head,' he wrote in a letter, 'looks like a lottery bag, one big winner and a thousand blanks.' It is Kleist's position of gloriously and dangerously open intelligence that makes him so remarkable: that sentence reads like an anticipation of Kafka. In his essay, *On the Gradual Formation of Ideas in Speech*, he wrote: 'It is not *we* who know, it is primarily a certain *state* we are in that knows,' an insight at once forensic and daring, as Maass finds when he adds, 'all this is highly original and modern enough to do honour to any Freudian.' Even the early Kleist shows this uncompromising and untimely radicalism of thought: after an audience with the King of Prussia, he observed, 'it would not be difficult for me to find another king, whereas he would have difficulty in finding other subjects.' It takes one of Brecht's most pungent and celebrated late poems, '*Die Löung*' ('*The Solution*') to recapture the spirit of Kleist's disrespect: wouldn't it be simpler, he asks, if the government simply dissolved the people and elected a new one?

While the greatest delight of this biography is the immediate appeal of Kleist's lively and cutting spirit – which, astonishingly, needs no kind of social-historical translation – it would be a mistake to see him as a man out of his own time. He renounced great tracts of the aspirations of his own society – and, conversely, failed to get the fame and recognition from it that he so badly wanted – but he was not an outcast from it either. He had a great, characteristically romantic, aptitude for friendship and for sibling relationships, as his fraught but lifelong dependency on his half-sister Ulrike showed. He won the unconditional loyalty of friends, often despite the excessive demands he made on them: as his stories in particular show, he was concerned to find the limits of human potential. Maass is particularly good on the social world in which Kleist moved, the courts and salons, the literary and political sets; a world appealingly small and manageable, so that Kleist was in touch with ministers and high civil servants, so that, in his mathematical phase, he had introductions to various professors, and so that his former fiancée married the successor of Kant at Konigsberg. Kleist's own family had strong claims on the favour of the Prussian monarchy because, as Maass tells us unblinkingly, they had already brought forth no fewer than 18 generals!

This taut social background is a further attraction of the book, best encapsulated perhaps in the terrible story of Kleist's approach to Goethe 'on the knees of my heart', his impatience at being slighted, and the ill-advised abusive epigrams he went on to publish. This piece of impetuousness spoiled Kleist's chances of genuinely finding acceptance; Maass quotes tellingly from private letters of the time, showing the universal horror at his behaviour, and a sort of personal offendedness on behalf of Goethe. The incident is one of many that emerge with awful clarity from the biography. But Joachim Maass also has to cope with numerous gaps in our knowledge of Kleist – who, on top of everything else, was much given to mystification – and he does so with splendid openness, complaining at the absence of 'reliable, or even unreliable, information', but never himself mystifying the reader. *Kleist* is an unusually, and impressively, passionate biography, in which the author frequently interrogates, appeals to and remonstrates with his subject. Maass makes large, and probably justifiable claims for Kleist's plays and stories (*The Broken Jug* is 'one of the few great comedies in the German language'), and his capacity for wonder is a feature of the biography. He feels the sore irony that more is known about Kleist's last day on earth than any other (he shot himself and a woman companion on the shore of Lake Wannsee on the 21 November 1811), and gives credit where it is due: to the Prussian police. □

CHINA
Delia Davin

Web of history

Shenfan: The Continuing Revolution in a Chinese Village
WILLIAM HINTON *Secker* £15.95

Shenfan is a remarkable account of the history of rural China – home to perhaps one-sixth of the world's population – in the past 30 years. It focuses on the village of Longbow in south-eastern Shansi Province, showing in great detail the complexities of the development of co-operatives there, the effect of the entry into communes and of the arrival of industry, and finally the high idealism and disastrous factionalism of the Cultural Revolution. Through the experiences of various villagers the ebb and flow of the revolution comes over clearly. Worthwhile progress is made but at a high cost. Much effort is wasted. An irrigation system costing 20,000 labour days and 6,000 *yuan* functions badly and is demolished to make room for railway development.

The lives of individuals show an unpredictability which makes neat stereotyping impossible: Chang Hsin-fa, the man who had led the village at high personal cost for 20 years then embezzled public funds to finance his speculation in housing; Hu Hsueh-chen, an active woman communist who had organised women to stand up for their rights, claim their share of land and resist family violence, was only the second woman to divorce her husband in Longbow's history, and then married the police captain whose first wife had divorced him for his brutality and soon ceased to be politically active. In any political struggle in the village, the motives and political stances of the various actors are hard to sort out. Not only are individual peasants progressive on one issue and conservative on another, but each side tends to engage in mudslinging and political character assassination.

NEW POETRY FOR YOU

Join the POETRY BOOK SOCIETY and receive:

- Four of the best books of new poetry to be published in 1984
- A free paperback copy of the acclaimed Faber anthology *The Rattle Bag*, edited by Seamus Heaney and Ted Hughes
- The Society's quarterly Bulletin of poems and comment
- A free copy of the Society's 1984 *Winter Poetry Supplement*

The cost of 1984 membership is one single payment of £15.50, which is less than the total cover prices of the four "best books". (No charge is made for postage)

Please send your cheque, name and address to:
The Poetry Book Society Ltd., (Dept 08), 105 Piccadilly, London W1V 0AU

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Furthermore, whichever side has the upper hand indulges all too often in physical attacks, beatings and, secretly, even in torture.

No one could be better qualified to disentangle the web of village history from the often contradictory accounts of the villagers than Hinton, himself now a farmer in Pennsylvania, who first visited China in 1937 and worked in the Chinese countryside from 1947-1953. During several months' residence in Longbow in the 1940s he gathered notes on the communist land reform campaign. These were unfortunately seized by the customs on his return to the United States and were turned over to Senator Eastman's Committee on Internal Security. Hinton recovered them only after a five-year lawsuit, but the book he produced from them, *Fanshen: A Documentary of Revolution in a Chinese Village*, proved well worth the struggle, and remains essential reading for an understanding of contemporary China. *Shenfan*, though it can be read independently, is a sequel to *Fanshen* and a third volume is planned.

Hinton's next visit to China was delayed by the State Department's 15-year refusal to grant him a passport. He finally returned in 1971 and was able to visit Longbow. On this and on several subsequent visits he collected the material on which *Shenfan* is based, with help from the best linguistic and cultural interpreter he could have wished for, his daughter Carma, who, born in Peking in 1949, had grown up in China and was thus Chinese by culture and education.

Shenfan is more, however, than a simple local history. The book provides a parallel account of the development of Tachai, hailed as a model agricultural brigade in the 1960s and 1970s but condemned as a fraud in recent attacks, about which Hinton is sceptical. Hinton also relates the history of both villages to the broader canvas of national events for which he provides his own interpretation.

He rejects the present leadership's critical assessment of the period since the end of the first five-year plan in 1957, and regrets that China appears now to have turned her back on mass movement politics. He argues that co-operation and collectivisation had tremendous potential and that the system of contracting land to individual households, widely practised in China today, is a step backwards. Its present success is built upon past collective effort and cannot be maintained without the high levels of investment which were possible only with strong collective organisation.

Despite his position of broad support for Mao's policies, Hinton is by no means uncritical of Mao himself whom he accuses of having, 'shed the clothes of a comrade, in order to don, layer by layer, the vestments of a sovereign'. He recognises that the tendency to accuse honest dissenters of all manner of political crimes, far from being peculiar to Longbow, is to be found at all levels in Chinese politics and believes that Mao's decision to allow the framing of his Minister of Defence, the veteran revolutionary Peng Teh-huai, when he opposed Mao in 1959, undermined the process of democratic discussion within the Party.

Ultimately, however, Hinton does not see it as possible to hold Mao himself wholly responsible for the failure of Maoist policies. His chosen villain is the Chinese bureaucracy, its strength developed by 2,000 years of inherited tradition. Communist officials, Hinton believes, inevitably felt threatened by the challenge posed by popular movements to all established institutions and thus to official careers, prestige and influence. They sabotaged such movements at times by dragging their feet and at times by taking them to such extremes that the result was chaos. According to Hinton the dismantling of collective power in the countryside has been popular with officials because it puts the individual peasant back in a one-to-one relationship with the state and thus removes a threat to official power.

This analysis has tempting aspects although I find it hard to accept that all state cadres or functionaries exhibit the group solidarity and unity of interest which Hinton appears to attribute to them or indeed that they are so universally privileged as he implies. The acceptance of hierarchy and the idea that rank should confer privilege are certainly depressingly widespread in China and have indeed been strengthened by the discrediting of the Cultural Revolution which has made egalitarianism 'guilty by association'. On the other hand the anti-hierarchical ideal does survive; leaders are still praised for living simply, refusing to take advantage of rank and maintaining links with ordinary people.

Hinton's own conclusions are not unremittingly pessimistic. Ordinary people, he believes, no longer accept authority without question. Now when they receive an order they ask *why*? In his view this change in people's minds is the greatest legacy of the revolution and the factor that gives him hope for China's future. □

Lotte Kramer

There

In that street it was always summer;
Hot enough to sit on slabs
Of paving stones, watch grown-ups pass,
Be recognised as my mother's daughter.

There was the tall doorway which led
Through chill darkness into the yard
Where a dung-heap blossomed
In competition with geraniums;

Where the butcher-boy sang as he scoured
A stable or laughingly lassoed
A rope of intestines above his head;
A goat's white kick sharpening the air.

An earth world so divorced
From school and town, from elegance
Partitioning the year's performance,
But warm and sweet as my aunt's yeast buns.

THE MEDIA
Bob Woffinden

Chaos rules OK?

The Media in Britain
JEREMY TUNSTALL *Constable* £9.95 & £5.95

This is surely one of the bravest literary endeavours of recent months (second only to Asa Briggs's 330-page *Social History of England*, perhaps): a 270-page survey of a potentially voluminous subject on which comment has indeed been free as the wind, while facts have been not so much sacred as elusive.

So, this book attempts to lay a factual groundwork, but, in doing so, Tunstall is at pains to explain the complexities and ambiguities of the media. Why should public service broadcasting flourish in a country where minimal state intervention has been deemed salutary? How is it that the IBA frequently reaches the wrong decisions for the wrong reasons, triggers unintended consequences, but still oversees a creditable, and improving, commercial network?

Every development is capable of alternative analyses, and confident predictions are rarely borne out. Free newspapers are an interesting case in point: are they creating employment and serving the interests of pluralism by breaking local monopolies? Or are they actually undermining existing editorial standards and merely threatening the survival of a respected provincial press? Tunstall outlines the standpoints over a range of issues and, though he scrupulously avoids dogmatic judgments, he does reach some firm conclusions.

Most importantly, he affirms that executive administration is totally chaotic, with over 30 government agencies responsible for the supervision of various bits of the media. The first result of this is that policy (and, on the whole, it is the Conservative party which has formulated policy) is ill-informed, arbitrary, inconsistent and illogical; the second is that, with such a surfeit of administrative bodies involved, it is in practice the Prime Minister who has acted as *de facto* media minister.

Tunstall also argues that the centres of power are far more diffused than is commonly believed, with considerable authority devolving both to trade unions and to journalists and producers, so that an editor's room for manoeuvre is limited.

He stresses, too, the importance of imagery. Since the media are so adept at creating myths anyway, it's hardly surprising that, in their own case, the image is frequently more important than the substance. To illustrate his point, he refers to Sidney Bernstein's Granada TV, which, with *Coronation Street* as its flagship, seemed to metropolitan administrators to be serving regional interests

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rather better than it actually was; conversely, Lord Grade's ATV – which had a commendable record in children's programming, for example – was undeservedly castigated in London.

There are two main areas in which I disagree profoundly with the author. He greatly over-emphasises American influences on British media. His vain attempt to justify his case leads him to suggest that films like *This Sporting Life* or *A Kind of Loving* exaggerated 'North of England squalor' for the sake of the US domestic market. This is nonsense.

Secondly, he pigeonholes his subject, and doesn't indicate that much of what he says about the media applies equally to vast tracts of the socio-political patchwork of the country. The UK has no properly coordinated media policy, it is true; but nor does it have a properly coordinated transport policy – even though there is a department of transport. (A department for the media would appear to be a Tunstall objective.) Similarly, both the administrative and managerial failures of the media industry simply mirror shortcomings in most other spheres of UK commercial activity.

In preparing this work, Tunstall was confronted with three main problems, two of which have been safely negotiated. The first, as I've indicated, was in condensing the material. The second was the speed of change, which threatens to overtake such a traditionally dilatory business as (hardback) book publishing. In this respect, Constable have done well. Even so, I suspect that Tunstall might have wanted to revise some opinions in the light of developments at the *Sunday Times* and TV-am.

Then there is the central dilemma. What is – or, rather, are – the media? Tunstall is mainly concerned with film, TV, radio, newspapers and magazines, though he also sorties into the rock music industry. So what about video? And just where is the dividing-line between art-form and medium? It's not surprising that difficulties of definition should be inhibiting adminstrators if Tunstall himself can't resolve the matter.

Nevertheless, *The Media in Britain* is a model of compression and a valuable source of reference. With one exception: the section on magazines is poor. In that field, the exceptions (*Private Eye*, *Time Out*, *The Face*, etc.) are actually more important than the rules and cannot simply be tucked in as an afterthought; and IPC has simply not possessed the managerial muscle to behave as a bastion of monopoly capitalism.

There is, of course, no animal so shamelessly banal as the sociology professor in full flight, and I can't resist mentioning that Tunstall informs the reader that 'elderly people are very reluctant to listen to Radio 1' and that advertisers aim their products '*at men or women*' – which explains, no doubt, the insidiousness of the whole business. Happily, the rest of the book is likely to shed more enlightenment. □

Apology: George Szirtes's Short Wave *was last week described by John Lucas as 'the most enjoyable new volume of poems I have read this year'. This should, of course, have read '. . . in 1983'.*

CRITICISM
Barbara Hardy

Original species

Darwin's Plots
GILLIAN BEER *Routledge* £17.95

The only problem with this book is deciding what to praise first. It draws on a breadth of knowledge in many fields, its literary readings are alert and original, it has a profound grasp of idea and form. It must be read by the scientist, the student of Victorian thought and art and the educated person in the street. Its allusive range and uncompromising lexis are daunting, but its central subject is the assimilation and transformation of science into myth, which concerns us all. It makes a scrupulous analysis of scientific thought but also attends to scientific language and structure, which the critic of language can handle because its 19th-century forms are intelligible to the non-scientific reader. The book makes us fully aware of present barriers between the scientific thinker and what – as Gillian Beer acutely observes – we have significantly come to call the layman.

The wit of the title is characteristically clever and animated – the book unfolds and analyses problems of scientific and literary thought with lucidity, liveliness and personal engagement. The language is sharp as well as learned, drawing on scientific and philosophic terms, but making its own metaphors and telling its own stories. It is the story not only of a scientist but of a great storyteller. Darwin's plots are the plots he inherits, from theology, science, poetry and fiction, and the plots he transmits and influences. They are also the plots he makes up. As a boy he told his adventures in natural history as lies and fictions, exulting in discovery and utterance. 'I distinctly recollect,' he writes, 'the desire I had of being able to know something about every pebble in front of the hall door.' But also, 'I was very fond of gardening, and invented great falsehoods about being able to colour crocuses as I liked.'

Gillian Beer is concerned with Darwin's theories, which unsettled not only science, but theology and art, which affected not only his readers, but the readers of his readers, and circles far beyond. She also analyses the forms with which he ordered or disordered his thinking, the metaphors and analogies through which he thought, the rhetoric with which he addressed his readers. He is set in the context of literature as well as science, since the intellectual environment in which he learnt and grew included poetry and novels. His aesthetic zest and sophistication have been underrated, and Gillian Beer brings out what may have been the shaping forces of Shakespeare's history plays, with their discussion of descent and their genetic imagery, Milton's *Comus* and *Paradise Lost*, in which Darwin found a more-than-English nature, and a delight in its plenty, and even Dickens, in whose plots he may have sensed the patterns of concealed relationships.

His metaphors are not looked at simply for aptness, but as ways of trying out and extending possibilities. The image of a tree suits his purposes better than earlier tropes, such as the chain. The metaphor of the web conveniently suggests an unhierarchical set of connections and form of entanglement. His mind is seen in the language which he chose and changed. He is caught in the act of myth-making, as he replaces design by descent; makes the tree of knowledge fuse with the tree of life; displaces man to admit a larger phenomenal community; gives an egalitarian basis to theories of development.

Gillian Beer could have examined Darwin's influence on many writers, but chooses some who had actually read and discussed his work: George Eliot, Charles Kingsley, Thomas Hardy. George Eliot's anti-gradualist narratives force us, for instance, to anticipate certain events, but startle us by a cryptic revolutionary disturbance of what we didn't forecast, events 'more radical, more traumatic, more absolute'. The broken ending of *Daniel Deronda* is an instance of Darwinian openness to futurity, his refusal to privilege the present. I think Gillian Beer exaggerates the exposure of Gwendolen Harleth – though isolated, she is not left in an empty landscape, but against a backdrop of her old home, with her old lover hovering eligibly in the wings and – most important – a conclusive affirmation of moral transformation. She sees that Hardy's novels include 'hap and happiness', that they combine a tragic pattern of individual catastrophe with the apprehensions of energy, particularity and pleasure. *Post hoc* sometimes looks like *propter hoc*. Such combinations may be pre-Darwinian, present perhaps in Shakespeare and Charlotte Brontë, to name only two, but this scarcely invalidates her sense of something freshly developed in art as part of the response to Darwin. It would be, I suppose, rather like objecting to an analysis of post-Freudian patterns on the grounds that these can be found in Sophocles and Shakespeare. But the book is so exciting as a work of literary criticism – among much else – that it must provoke and disturb old interpretations and judgments. □

SALE OF FOREIGN LANGUAGE BOOKS!

1000s of books in French, German, Russian, etc., on all subjects for sale at £1 and under from:

PETER EATON (Booksellers) Ltd, 80 Holland Park Ave., London W11

Open: 10-5, Monday-Saturday.
Tel: 01-727 5211

Next to Holland Park Tube Station

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Life of Arthur Ransome
HUGH BROGAN *Cape* £10.95

At my grandmother's we read Arthur Ransome when it rained and then when the sun came back out we transformed her West Sussex garden into the scenery of his books: the Lakes, the fogbound North Sea, or that becalmed sinister tropic where the monkey, Gibber, threw a cigar into the engine-room and sent the *Wild Cat* blazing to the bottom. This make-believe was not sheer escape, for Ransome's fictional children, as Hugh Brogan points out, never take leave of the adult world. *Swallows and Amazons* begins, not with the voyage to the uninhabited island, but with the arrival (from a Royal Navy ship) of the paternal telegram authorising that voyage. The naval ethos embodied by the absent father provides the framework within which the children, and especially the eldest son, must prove themselves.

The psychological structure of that ethos, its meaning in modern British culture (the *Swallow* series, initiated in 1930, continues to sell massively) offer a rich vein for literary and political discussion. Brogan's book, detailed and readable though it is, will only partly satisfy readers interested in these themes. Its shape is determined by two questionable decisions: to pass briefly over Ransome's childhood (admittedly well covered in the posthumous *Autobiography*), and to devote a disproportionate one-third of its length to his six years as a newspaperman in pre-revolutionary and Bolshevik Russia. Ransome the person, the youthful Bohemian who comes more and more to seem an 'English eccentric' or figure of the establishment, thus suffers some relative neglect in favour of Ransome the historical witness. When he does focus on questions of character, Hugh Brogan is rather indulgent towards his subject: the treatment of Ivy Walker, the first Mrs Ransome, seems particularly one-sided, and has a misogynistic undertone heard also in the portrait of Helen and Edward Thomas. Despite this, and despite its reluctance to offer detailed readings of the classic books, this handsomely produced biography will complement Cape's new centenary edition of the stories, and readers will find in it an abundance of material from which to develop a sharper interpretative perspective than Brogan himself adopts.

M. H. Ryle

Appointment in Japan
G. C. ALLEN *Athlone Press* £12.50

These are the reminiscences of the late George Allen, a conservative economic historian, about a two-year teaching spell (1922-24) in the Commercial School in Nagoya and how subsequent visits over the next half century show Japan transforming itself into a modern industrial state. The bulk of the narrative is concerned with the Twenties and Thirties, and here the strange world of daily life in provincial Japan 60 years ago is presented. Japan's middle classes led twin lives. At home a timeless austere beauty in harmony with nature set the tone, while at work there was the urgent, incomplete and pragmatic world of emerging capitalism. This dualism remains today.

Implicitly Allen's major message is that Japan is more than a slightly abnormal species of modern western industrial society. It is a society that has its own values and aspirations, which will and do affect its forms of economic and industrial organisation. With Japan's emergence as the world's number two economic power these differences may become increasingly important. While equally Japanese society is being remodelled by economies of scale, automation and rising standards of living.

The book's two failings are one of commission and one of omission. The first is Professor Allen's intermittent use of his reminiscences as a vehicle for his conservative prejudices about Britain's own causes for decline, while the second is a blindness to the political and working-class ferment of the Twenties and Thirties in Japan. Yet, as the Japanese begin to perceive us – and we begin to perceive ourselves – as joining the *Shayo-zoku*, the tribes of the setting sun, the lessons from Japan's past may prove of interest.

Glyn Ford

A Vision of Order
URSULA A. BARNETT *Sinclair Brown* £15

Twenty years ago, in an essay 'Fiction by Black South Africans', the critic Lewis Nkosi took his countrymen to task for their failure to produce 'artistically persuasive works of fiction'. Although he was full of praise for Alex La Guma, he had in mind mainly the novelists. *A Vision of Order – A Study of Black South African Literature in English (1914-1980)* goes some way towards explaining the failure that Lewis Nkosi perceived.

Dr Barnett's main argument is that novels are 'alien to African culture' and she supports this claim by concentrating at length on the astonishing output of high quality poetry in the last two decades – poetry being, unlike the novel, 'the only form of literature which has led in a direct line from the vernacular to the modern'. She also points out the relevance of practical circumstances – not least the absence of publishing houses prepared to publish novels by black writers, and the difficulties that such writers face, living under apartheid, in producing long works of fiction. She quotes with approval Ezekiel Mphahlele's statement that 'It is impossible for a writer who lives in oppression to organize his thoughts into creating a novel'.

Unfortunately, she doesn't discuss Nadine Gordimer's provocative idea that apartheid itself is bad for fiction (for writers of any colour): 'Both can write of the considerable fringe society in which black and white are "known", in a meaningful sense, to one another; but there are areas from which, by iron circumstance, each in turn finds himself shut out, *even intuitively*, to their mutual loss as writers.'

This is an important idea which needs to be discussed at length: if it's true for fiction is it also true for poetry? Or does poetry actually benefit? This is the only weakness in an otherwise admirable book. The author covers an immense amount of material and presents it all in a well organised and readable way. It also happens to be the only comprehensive study of Black South African literature that we have.

Adewale Maja-Pearce

On the Rails
SIDNEY WEIGHELL *Orbis* £8.95

The bulk of Sid Weighell's autobiography is concerned with just two years: 1982 and 1983. These were the years of the continuing war with Aslef, the first National Union of Railwaymen (NUR) strike since 1926, Weighell's resignation and the defeat in the race for general secretary of Charlie Turnock, the anointed successor. The first 60 years of his life are covered in 80 pages.

The book's main theme is Weighell's personal struggle against the 'hard left', a term which seemingly includes most of the Labour Party and the *New Statesman*. To Weighell the 'hard left' is part of a vast conspiracy. Jimmy Knapp was elected as general secretary because the 'hard left were better organised in the branches'. But Weighell does not mention the margin of Knapp's victory, which can scarcely be accounted for just by better organisation.

In his description of the 1981 special Labour Party conference at Wembley, Weighell says that 'thanks to a good deal of manipulation and scheming behind the scenes by the hard left' the conference decided to elect Labour leaders by an electoral college, giving the unions 40 per cent of the vote, MPs 30 per cent and constituencies the remaining 30 per cent. Weighell supported a 50-25-25 split. The accusation is both strange and strained. Politicians scheme and manipulate by definition. At the 1982 Labour Party conference, Weighell, adopting a strategy which became known in the NUR as 'flexible mandating', voted, secretly for a right-wing candidate from the EEPTU, instead of the miners' candidate. The voting leaked out, and Weighell resigned.

On the Rails is an easy read – the *Observer*'s Labour Correspondent is credited with having helped with the book – but it informs readers less about recent history than about Weighell's character. It is full of pathos – for here was a man of considerable ability, proud, who made enemies and kept them. He ended up isolated, and that was largely his own work as he retreated into a fiction of left-wing conspiracies.

Mick Hamer

Men and Friendship
STUART MILLER *Gateway* £4.95

In the preface to this excellent book, Miller writes: 'Men can't really talk about friendship. Partly it is a lack of poetry . . . partly a taboo against looking at something so sacred. Often it is a reluctance to look at something so painful.' This is all true and, while much of *Men and Friendship* consists of reporting, describing and analysing the terrifying loneliness of Western heterosexual men, Miller also charts his three-year odyssey to develop close male friends. If, at times, his very American commitment to this quest becomes embarrassing to English decorum, his passion and bravery stand out.

There comes a point in most men's lives when the absence of male intimacy hits hard. For Miller and for most of the 1,000 men he interviewed, this coincided with mid-life crisis; work ambitions had been achieved or thwarted, children grown up, a marriage broken down. Many socialist men in this country have been forced to face this loss due to the impact of the women's movement. Female intimacy has become a moral and emotional goal as well as a political necessity. Men who support feminism but claim that it's too difficult to make male friends would do well to read this book.

Miller documents the sheer ineptitude of most men's relationships with other men; the put-downs, the lack of grace and care and, all the time, the bristling egos of heterosexual men. Above all 'men repress the life of feeling'. But he concludes optimistically that true male friendship is possible given commitment and courage, the willingness to confront the fear of homosexuality and the strong risk of being hurt, and the sacrifice of illusory independence.

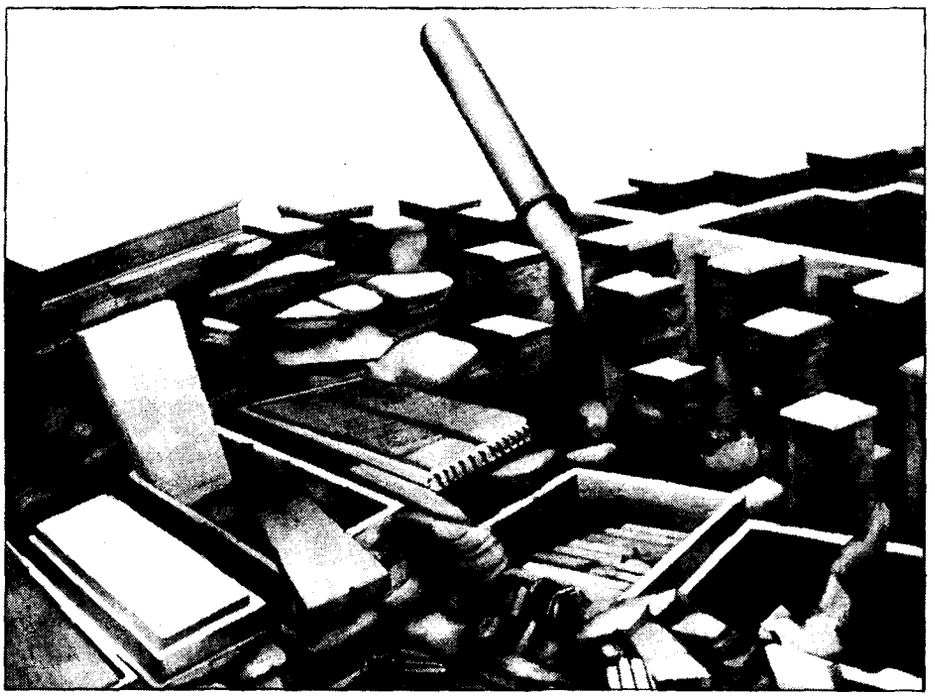
There could, perhaps, have been more in the book on misogyny. Often the problem with traditional male groups is not that they are centred on activity but that they are dominated by the missing women. And Miller certainly should have talked to more gay men who can provide models for men loving men. But *Men and Friendship* is a lovely book, a true book of love.

David Berry

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ART
John Spurling

Vital deficiency



Cock-up at Camden Arts Centre? From Deanna Petherbridge's *Alterpiece*

1984
Camden Arts Centre, Arkwright Road, London NW3
Rebecca Horn
Serpentine

It was a good idea to open an exhibition called 1984 on January 1 and a still better one to produce a catalogue looking like an old Penguin edition of the book. Unfortunately not many of the ten artists commissioned 'to express their personal hopes and fears in the light of George Orwell's book' have proved equally inspired. The outstanding contribution is Stuart Brisley's installation *Nul, Comma, Nul*. The title may be obscure, but the set-up itself couldn't be clearer or more appropriately disturbing. Behind closed grey lift-gates stretches a long, narrow, wedge-shaped cell, also grey, from the far end of which a bright spotlight shines straight into the spectator's eyes. The cell's floor is strewn with discarded clothing and when you turn round to escape the dazzle and perhaps also because you don't much relish any of the roles offered – warder, voyeur or potential victim – you find yourself facing a large mirror.

Jan Mladovsky's sculpture installation called *Love of Heights* is a flying metal figure balanced on a high wire and dedicated 'to all those who have died, been imprisoned, or exiled defending the freedom in the countries under totalitarian rule'. For all its shiny new materials and neat engineering there is something a shade old-world about the piece: the figure itself is reminiscent of Italian Futurism and the whole assemblage has a Heath Robinson air, as of early flying machines or Proustian bicyclists. Perhaps its optimism is a bit old-world too. At any rate it directly contradicts Orwell's nightmare, whose chief characteristic is less the absence of freedom or of anyone to defend freedom than the persistent obliteration of the past and therefore of the very possibility of any such memorial as this.

Deanna Petherbridge, whose extraordinary Piranesian architectural fantasies have been illustrating the Ministries of Peace, Love, Truth and Plenty for years, unaccountably fails to meet the challenge of the exhibition. Her set of six complex ruins called *Alterpiece for Nineteen-Eighty-Four* is as fastidiously drawn as ever – in brown ink and wash on creamy paper – but its arrangement into a cross shape and suggestion of an absent religious dimension through details such as crazy ladders, toppling classical temples and empty tombs which might once have formed the settings for a deposition, a nativity or a resurrection, is arbitrary and, in the context, confusing. Something has been left out between a response to 1984 and a response to the Christian tradition. Petherbridge tries to fill the lacuna in her essay and personal statement in the catalogue, but verbalisation won't do. The concept was perhaps too ambitious; the realisation is not ambitious enough.

The rest of the show is poor stuff, symptomatic of a poverty of the imagination that afflicts much contemporary art. First, instead of going to the subject, these artists have taken the subject to themselves, that's to say chopped it off to fit the Procrustean bed of their own narrow styles and preoccupations. Secondly, presumably because they expect so little of their public, they ask next to nothing – either in invention or technique – of themselves. Ian Breakwell's video monologue *The Sermon*, in which a chubby parson (performed by Robert Short) delivers an increasingly maniacal TV epilogue, is billed as too upsetting for young or nervous people to watch; on the contrary, it is too banal and predictable for adult or adventurous people to sit through without attacking the set: only in an art exhibition would an audience be asked to accept a satire as crass and undemanding as this.

Paula Rego's *Proles Wall* is large and full of detail, but its deliberate cartoon childishness, though it would blend well into many contemporary exhibitions, is revealed here, in the light of Orwell's book and mind, as mere evasiveness, a refusal to face the issues in any but nursery terms. Her attempt, in her catalogue statement, to impose this nursery image on Orwell himself, only underlines how little she has understood or cared to understand his warning. The inadequacy – both intellectual and visual – of her *Proles Wall* becomes in effect a dreadful endorsement of Orwell's contemptuous view of the proles.

But if Breakwell and Rego at least rouse one's irritation, the other five artists are perhaps more symptomatic still. Three have hardly even bothered to raise their heads from their own private pursuits to acknowledge the question asked by the show, the fourth is better at answering it in print in the catalogue than on the wall and the fifth has idly tossed in a few TV sets showing a clumsy female variation on Big Brother. 'Slowly the poison the whole blood stream fills,' as Empson puts it. 'It is not the effort nor the failure tires', but the lack of effort, the missed opportunity, the lordly complacency, as if being called an artist and being invited to fill a place in an exhibition somehow exonerated you from the need to justify that title and place.

The Germans also have artists to be ashamed of: there is a group of them from Cologne called 'The Mulheimer Freiheit' currently assembled at the ICA. Rebecca Horn, however, is a welcome visitor. Her work moves easily from performance to video to film to installation to kinetic sculpture and back. There is not quite enough of it yet to fill the Serpentine Gallery and the thinness of the layout there suggests a certain pretentiousness, but the pieces themselves – feather masks, mechanical hammers, fans and measuring devices, a square glass bath of blue water and a black box with doors that automatically close on the inquisitive spectator – are precise and intriguing, with ritualistic, erotic and alchemical overtones.

Paul Joyce's romantically brooding photographs of the Welsh landscape are at the Pentonville Gallery, Lambs Conduit Street, London WC1 until January 21; and the Jacobite Lancastrian Arthur Devis's somewhat awkward but memorably austere group portraits of 18th-century country-gents with their families and properties are at the National Portrait Gallery until January 29. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TELEVISION
Hugo Williams

Over a barrel

I SUPPOSE SEXUAL tension between the classes and races and generations (though not necessarily the sexes) is a fair description of the TV recipe. If it has to go exotic, the question is always, 'Ah yes, but who is there for Jim to fuck?' What the money boys like to see in a script is lots of peculiar friendliness between gentlemen and players, in wartime, hospital or prison. In **The Devil's Lieutenant** (C4) it is the Austro-Hungarian Army. The slightly common Judge Advocate Kunze (the German Helmut Griem) is visiting his handsome, aristocratic prisoner Lt. Dorfrichter (the English Ian Charleson, but he's supposed to be German too) in his cell in the middle of the night to bring him the news that his wife has given birth. This is ideal. Seated on D's bunk, K reaches out his hand to the sleeping murderer and the censor raps his knuckles. 'You wanted to touch me just now,' drawls D. 'Why didn't you?' It's an awkward question. K practically explodes with ambiguity.

K has D where he wants him physically, under lock and key, but D has got K over a barrel psychologically, even though Freud has only just invented this kind of script-writing. 'You want me dead because you can't live with your own feelings of guilt,' he tells K. 'But when I'm gone, what will you have to live for? You prayed for my confession but you also dreaded it.' He has taken one look at Kunze's air of post-masturbatory gloom and diagnosed a landlady. 'Have you told her you don't love her yet?' he hazards. 'Or are you going to live a lie for the rest of your life, you coward!' Kunze looks as though he has seen another ghost, but he goes ahead and marries the awful woman. On his wedding night he manages to position Dorfrichter's alsatian (which he is affectionately looking after) between himself and his bride.

We are given to understand that if D had gone undetected he would have made it to a captain and thus been in line to change the course of WWI – and history – with his visions of tanks and wirelesses and aeroplanes. However, his private campaign against ten brother officers – posting them unsolicited pep pills filled with cyanide and scattering clues across the length and breadth of the Empire – didn't inspire much confidence in his military thoroughness or patriotism, although for the purposes of TV it did provide plenty of opportunity for a German and an Englishman to look curiously into one another's eyes a lot, in a sort of international war of suggestiveness.

The cosy scene on the prison bunk in Austro-Hungary was echoed in another part of the week by a similar scene in the latest British Empire saga, **The Jewel in the Crown** (ITV). The grammar-school-educated D. C. Ronald Merrick and the public schoolboy Hari Kumar have both fallen for the pukka Daphne Manners, although, as Merrick puts it, 'Daphne prefers black cock'. In fact, Daphne and 20m viewers will have had little difficulty in choosing between the handsome, sensitive Indian and the spectacularly unattractive Merrick, but I'm afraid it is Merrick we are going to be living with for the next decade or two. 'I've got a rather good collection of Souza records,' is his line. 'You must come and listen to them some time.'

Susan Wooldridge plays Daphne in classic Daisy-pulled-it-off style ('That's a super radiogram') but Art Malik as Kumar is a sort of Eighties Marlon Brando. He's public school all right, but too Chelsea. He says 'two yew', 'I kniew' and 'my gurew' in the modern teenage manner, but he likes Glenn Miller and the Inkspots, so he's cool. 'Rather an odd fish,' says someone called 'Lady Chatterji', putting it mildly.

Daphne is supposed to be plain, so the producers have tried to have it both ways by casting a beautiful girl and giving her a scraped-down hairstyle, no make-up, lumpy frocks and specs. Who are they fooling? It's a piece of tellythink that has released a new sex goddess on to our screens, her anti-image virtually undressing her before your eyes. Daphne's unintentional superstar status in the series somewhat unbalances the storyline. No one except me seemed to think it was dangerous for her to bicycle alone around a town on the verge of revolution, with the result that she was raped at the first opportunity, a sort of *obligato* in stories about India, like the slapstick scene in a panto. Merrick jumps at the chance to arrest Kumar and soon has him over a barrel. There follows a luridly-lit beating scene in the police station – Lawrence of Arabia in reverse – in which Kumar's public school training stands him in good stead. Merrick explains the white man's position to the bloodied Kumar: 'Contempt on my side, fear on yours.' He has a few drinks and revises his view. 'There's no true love between human beings.' He hugs Kumar. 'Now you can sleep. Tomorrow you will confess.' But confess he can't, having promised Daphne. Daphne breaks down when she hears: 'In spite of all temptation,' she sobs, 'to belong to other nations/He is an Englishman. He is an Englishman.' Hurrah!

India is good for telly because it more or less directs itself, if they'll let it. Even a very bad director will find it hard to screw up on the visuals, except by trying to improve or slow them down, the way found by Richard Attenborough for *Gandhi*. The present series overlaps Gandhi in period and plot (1942), though at 13 hours it is somewhat shorter than Sir Richard's little gem. I wonder how long James Fox in *A Passage to India* will turn out to be. Was it *Brideshead* that started the fashion for cutting books into 13 equal parts and expanding each part into a full length epic? It's like reversing evolution or slowing down the orgasm: will the product *ever* reach its mark? □

FILMS
John Coleman

Blind alley

The Moon in the Gutter (18)
Lumiere
Dream Flights (PG)
Gate, Bloomsbury
The Second Awakening of Christa Klages (15)
Carry Greenham Home (15)
Everyman, from 22 January

If nothing succeeds like excess, Jean-Jacques Beineix is clearly pointed in the right direction. After the chic-and-shock fragmentations of *Diva*, a directorial debut which crossed our eyes and dotted its tease with modish mindlessness, he has now chosen to give David Goodis the treatment. Others, of course, have been there before him: Truffaut (*Shoot the Pianist*), Delmer Daves, Jacques Tourneur, Henri Verneuil and René Clément have all drawn upon the hectic, down-and-out world of this past master of the pulps, with its dark alleyways, sleazy bars and no-hope inhabitants. But it takes someone like Beineix to batten on a writer already perilously committed to emphatic motifs, hit-or-miss imagery, garish colours and doomy encounters – and, by sheer force of vulgarity, to give us a comic-strip Goodis so portentously and preposterously absurd. Designed by Hilton McConnico, who performed a similar function in *Diva*, Beineix's studio-marooned **The Moon in the Gutter** is bad enough to be almost relishable.

The movie casts ponderous Gérard Depardieu as Gérard, a slum-dwelling stevedore, nursing a need to find the rapist who drove his sister to suicide, whose red-herringed quest leads him into a blind passion for Loretta (Nastassia Kinski), a classy, enigmatic lass from the other side of the tracks. Into this ill-omened tale, more atmosphere than substance, are introduced two rape-suspects – the dockworker's drunk, derelict brother and Loretta's drunk, well-heeled brother – as well as Gérard's drunk father, termagant black mother-in-law, and whorish, jealous girlfriend. Booze and the colour red figure largely. Loretta drives a red car, wears a red dress, and a Goodis-stressed indelible bloodstain leaked by that dead sister flares up now and then in cartoon-crimson. Behind the credits a studio-moon blooms against an incarnadined sunset. Throughout there is a plenitude of *sang* to accompany some 'romantic' moments of dockside *lumière*.

In itself, the cultivated artificiality of street-sets and sordid rooms is perfectly permissible. Tom Milne has plausibly drawn a comparison with the legitimate studio-magic of Carné-Prévert films. It is the insistent heavy-handedness of Beineix's approach to his enclosed, concocted territory,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

both physical and emotional, that invites ridicule. A huge billboard advertising drink, a bottle afloat in a blue sea over the legend TRY ANOTHER WORLD, crops up so frequently as to turn the proposal back on to the film. Both Depardieu and Kinski, the latter quite detrimentally, are encouraged to move and react with the verve of somnambulists. And Gabriel Yared's gushingly sentimental score, musical soup straight from the packet (just add half a pint of tears), makes one wonder if the director isn't, after all, having us on, trying our tolerance of kitsch. In his risk-all, racy prose, Goodis caught intimations of the lower depths. Beineix barely skims the lower shallows.

Not perhaps the higher criticism, but I must admit to a sustained glow of pleasure at Oleg Yankovsky's performance as a philandering Soviet shit in **Dream Flights**, having endured his gloomy progress through Tarkovsky's *Nostalgia*. A further admission: Roman Balayan, the very accomplished director of this piece of picaresque, is a name new to me. With an intermittent touch of that wry charm George Segal so liberally dispenses for America, Yankovsky here does a bit of the same for the USSR, playing one Sergei, a married draughtsman with a small daughter, a way with other women, a terror of his three-days-distant 40th birthday. With a lying excuse about visiting his mother, he casually borrows the car of a colleague and ex-mistress Larisa (tenderly played by Ludmila Gurchenko), to take his current young girlfriend for a ride. His wife unexpectedly climbs aboard first, thus taking *him* for an ironic ride as the new girl also jumps in and there is delicious confusion over whom the roses on the front passenger seat are for. Sergei surrenders his flat-key, temporarily loses his job at the office (whose other inmates are nicely sketched in), wanders in and out of a party, hops a train and gets a black eye chasing some thieves.

His footloose travels bring him to an al fresco birthday party, where he and Larisa relive a nostalgic moment dancing to 'Strangers in the Night'. At the absolute end, this Sergei disgraces himself with a pretty harmless jape, at which *all* his guests – including Larisa – turn a collectively disgusted back and he curls up in a haystack, enwombed, forlorn. Or is he? One of the several entertaining things about this unusual series of glimpses of provincial Soviet society is the ambiguity of that close. It looks po-faced and final, but one suspects wicked Sergei has a bounce or three in him yet. The whole is filmed with great freshness and spontaneity: forget the moral.

Similarly, the retrieval of Margarethe von Trotta's first solo feature as director, the 1978 **The Second Awakening of Christa Klages**, provides an unexpectedly invigorating experience when contrasted with the hothouse feminist contortions of her more recent work. Tina Engel is so highly engaging as Christa on the run after a bank robbery that one almost swallows the film's endorsement: she did it to save a kindergarten. Inexcusable: no space to do more than highly recommend **Carry Greenham Home** for its honesty, humour and contentiousness. □

THEATRE
Christopher Edwards

Speechless

Foolsfire
Riverside Studios
Every Inch a Lady
Warehouse

This is the first instalment of the 1984 London International Mime Festival spread over four venues throughout the city until 4 February. The programme at the Riverside combines the formidable clowning, juggling and acrobatic talents of three Americans. Bob Berky is a classically trained musician and 'one of America's leading mime/clowns'. Michael Moschen is described as 'one of the finest jugglers in America', while Fred Garbo adds the skills of a magician to most of the qualities boasted by his companions. Clearly their art is fully recognised in the US (they all appear to have benefited from fellowships of some kind), although the programme, perhaps sensing that the British may be suspicious of the higher artistic claims of clowning, goes on to say that a lot has been done to remove the mystique that sometimes prevents mime being seen as a popular form of theatre. For 'mystique' I would substitute 'preciosity' or 'pretentiousness', those being the usual barriers that I have encountered.

This festival could very well help to clear away any 'mystique' for, as the opening show proved, 'mime' can cover a wide range of entertainment which, while verbally silent (but employing music and representational sound), is technically accomplished, funny, visually arresting and at times beautiful. There is, for instance, a simple beauty to the first act: while balls are rolled across an empty stage and, after a time, the repetition becomes fascinating and, for some reason, you want to laugh. Then the performers build up to a complicated juggling routine, changing the rhythms and patterns in small but significant ways. The audience applauds like mad when it's over – because of the skill involved, obviously, but also because there is something haunting and visually satisfying about these manoeuvres.

Fred Garbo has a turn as a dim-witted unicyclist which starts far too slowly; but immediately he sticks a kazoo in his mouth and makes you *see* and *hear* the bike as engine-propelled, the act becomes quite brilliant. Bob Berky's best turn is also spun out for too long but, again, you succumb to his skills – this time as a dotty ornithologist who gets bullied and in the end frog-marched away by seed-seeking birds conjured to life out of his own hands.

The evening was a little thin on material and could have done with more sketches of a couple of minutes' length, like the stunning one about the aircraft where, on a darkened stage, the trio make play of the illuminated wands of a desperate apron marshaller trying to get a plane on to the right runway and being pursued by its swirling green propellers.

Michael Moscher is responsible for an act which, while popular with the rest of the audience, left me anti-mime, smacking as it did of mystique etc. He caresses several crystal balls into a fluid stream through his hands and, after an (in my view) irrelevant but delicate session with a pink, heart-shaped hula-hoop, he returns to one ball and, with great finesse, makes it glide and hover over his hands and torso. I yielded to all this, but resisted utterly the bogus balletic aura, soft lighting and sub-*Star Wars* sound-track that he introduced into the routine. I just hope that there is less of this and more clowning, acrobatics and, if I can put this way, *vital* mime, in the rest of the Festival.

I first saw Bertice Reading playing Bessie Smith in the black musical *One Mo' Time*. Her show-stopping song was a raunchy number called 'You've got the right key but the wrong keyhole', and she reproduces it here in an evening of blues, jazz and sentimental love songs. She starts at 9 p.m. and ends at 11, although there is an encore at 11.30 p.m. and live music till one o'clock. The show transferred from the King's Head where it was a sell-out; it is very enjoyable. I wasn't convinced by the naughty erotic persona Miss Reading projected between her songs, but the strength of feeling and musical force she can command are formidable. She is about 5ft 3in tall, broad and huge-voiced. Her back-up band is excellent and the microphone she uses struck me as redundant – a point well demonstrated when she stood back from it and gave a powerful (in all senses) rendering of 'Ol' Man River' at the close of her first session. She plays at the Warehouse until 25 January. □

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2805 **Set by E.O. Parrott**

Extracts, please, from the next volume of *1066 and All That* covering the period 1984-2084. Maximum 130 words; by 3 February.

No 2802 **Set by E.O. Parrott**

Four-line verse accounts of famous crimes or 20th-century events.

Report **By Len the Unlucky**

I can always tell. It's the way that everyone else suddenly has a conference on the adaptive function of games-playing to attend, an urgent paper on socio-psychological changes in comp-entering patterns to complete or the gas-man to wait in for – *after* they've oh-so-casually flipped through the stacks in the sorting-room. All I can say is that they were right: a deceptively simple comp this, pro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ductive more of quantity than of quality. A commendation to our new entrant who is currently a guest of her majesty – not just because he is, as he himself put it, 'a wee bit qualified' in this direction, but because his verses so nearly made it. I think three Newtons apiece will do for those printed.

Mrs Thatcher took a chopper
Slashed Health Welfare good and proper,
Saying as she did so, 'Super!
After all – there's always BUPA'.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Albert Einstein got prepared,
Took a *c* and had it *2*,
Multiplied by *m* – that's right! –
e, by gum! – the speed of light!

Al Capone, in mood benign,
Sent a massive Valentine,
Those who got his commendation
Shot up in his estimation.

WILL BELLENGER

The Chatterley trial established at last
A point that had not been too clear in the past:
That whether you wanted to make a fast buck
Conditioned your freedom to print the word
'fuck'.

PETER NORMAN

Down in the jungle there's a pile of bones,
Nine hundred people went to see Jim Jones.
Nine hundred people, feeling very hot,
Drank a sip of Kool-Aid or else got shot.

GAVIN ROSS

Ali Agca took a gun
And shot the Pope in '81.
He couldn't know that they would be
Tête-à-tête in '83.

Nixon, he was in the know
About a break-in; had to go
With his term uncompleted
(As President, that is, deleted).

W.S. BROWNLIE

Lumumba loved to rumba;
Katanga took his number;
Sent to sweetest slumber
Tango-king Lumumba.

A.G.D. MCEVOY

Doctor Crippen robbed his wife
Of her money *and* her life;
Fleeing with his lady-o
He was caught by the radio.

GERARD BENSON

Norman Tebbit, bloody-clawed,
Spoke of selling goods abroad;
'Torture instruments,' said he,
'Fortified democracy.'

NAOMI MARKS

'This Bentley boy is pretty thick,
But what his mate did makes us sick:
He's (just our luck) too young to top –
So this dim bastard gets the chop.'

ROBIN RAVENSBOURNE

Uncle Sam, with what might seem a
Lack of taste, burnt Hiroshima.
Then, as if to prove that lack, he
Did the same to Nagasaki.

JIMMIE PEARSE

When Christine tired of Astor's place
And stole a Russian bear's embrace,
Some feared she whispered more than love,
So John Profumo got the shove.

D.E.POOLE

Steven Waldorf, to his shock,
Was shot by coppers run amok.
While he bled, in baffled terror,
They pistol-whipped him for their error.

JOYCE LIEN

William Burke and William Hare
Showed acute commercial flair;
Ignoring all the armchair cynics
They sold the unemployed to clinics.

NICHOLAS MURRAY

FIRST PERSON

Bill Greenwell

Rooting for home

I'M A RATHER ROOTLESS person, really. It's not that I lack a family Kunta Kinte, or anything like that, nor that I've been overdosing on Thom Gunn and am practising not standing still with a view to not getting any nearer. It's just that I've been shuffled through the country since childhood, questing for educational privilege, and never fell on either foot until ten years ago. That's how long I've been in Exeter, where my wagon finally stopped rolling, its horses at the end of their scholastic tether.

But I was, in fact, born in Sunderland, in 1952, and this registered occasion is what little I have in the way of regional credential. That is, not much. Put it this way, when I come to scratch out my memoirs, I shan't be calling them *A Wearside Boyhood*. Nevertheless, during the winter months upon us, on smoke-filled Saturday afternoons, I receive my weekly dose of adrenalin, at 4.45 or therabouts, from what was once a teleprinter (it's a video-something now) and my bones burn with What Happened To Willie Mcpheat, Monty's Save, Why Jimmy Hill Should Be Summarily Executed For What Happened In The Coventry-Bristol Match In 1978. In other words, I support Sunderland FC, few members of which team I could name, none of whom I have seen. As far as I'm concerned, Bobby Kerr's still captain.

Why should this be? Why do I still – well, *root* for Sunderland? Why did I put my wife through the torture of waiting for The Results that time in Exmouth car park? What curious brand of sentiment is it that afflicts me so severely?

When I was younger, Sunderland was an island, and almost certainly still is. South Shields was practically Timbuktu. The city of Newcastle was a Starship Enterprise affair. But it was to Newcastle that I returned this summer, from the outer galactic wastes of Exeter, and it was there (light years still from Sunderland, it's true) that I once again had a powerful whiff of home. Probably it was brought on by the musical incomprehensibility of the newspaper sellers, in whose local throats there rises a sort of choking chuckle: *oracle, oracle,* that is their version of *Chronicle*. (In Sunderland, the equivalent is *aqua,* as filtered through the thorax of an off-colour corncrake – an *Echo* never imagined by Narcissus.)

Cosmetically speaking, Newcastle has changed. For one thing, it has the best-appointed underground system in the world, what little of the latter I've seen. It is a clean and refreshing white-and-yellow in the spaces where once I trolled aimlessly about. The indoor shopping centre, with its hexagonal seats and its warren of shops, is cool, full of plants – nice to sit in, despite the silent vigil of the news headlines moving in ceaseless neon above the head: ROPE REJECTED, PAY LOW, BABY BID FAILS the day I was there. It had been grub and grime and bustle on my previous visit. Now, the cars had been honked up elsewhere and it was pleasant to dawdle; or perhaps take advantage of the record shops, in which, however fast the buck being turned, the expertise of the assistants remains unrivalled. You don't get a paper bag and next-please; you can buy a gentle, intelligent lecture on obscure plastic, if you like – and I do.

But I didn't set out to sing the praises of the Metro – cheap, efficient and exemplary though it is. Nor, doubtless, is this cheery image an appropriate mirror of times by the Tyne and Wear: there is always plenty to celebrate in the North-East, but its woes are all too well-known. It is still this puzzling tug of loyalty that interests me, one which does extend beyond the drop-defying dexterity of Sunderland's first eleven.

People do not belong to places; places belong to people. They own them, and they prize them, and sometimes they invent them again, as if by some bad magic, to make sure their ownership is beyond dispute. In a way, this kind of quasi-tribal tradition is the ultimate materialism. I was born in Sunderland, and not only can you not take that away from me, I am not going to let you try to snatch it. You want my land? You want to make something of it? Step inside and say that.

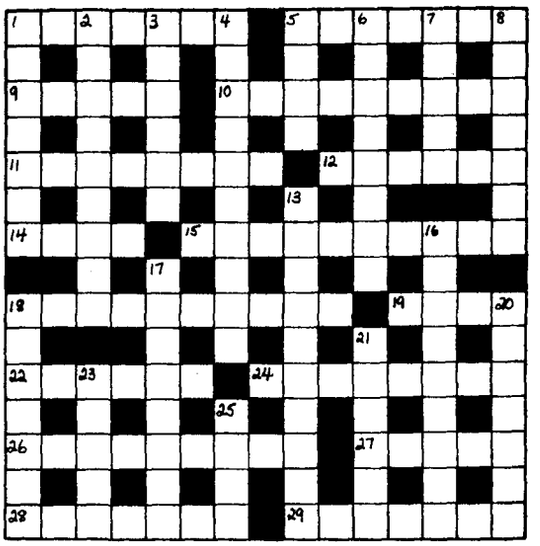
This is a universal dilemma, and it is all the worse (as it is all the better) for being so sentimental. I have yet to meet someone who did not have a sense of perimeter, whether they draw the line at a street, a river, a national boundary, a global divide. There is an Iron Curtain mentality apparently built into every chromosome, be it ever so humble. The moon, for instance, is now not a colony of America, but of Americans'. For some, it is Sunderland; for others, some rectangle of map defined by where forgotten rulers put their rules. Even national personality, it seems, can be pencilled in. Sometimes I understand all too well why Esperanto seemed such a wizard wheeze: it was the temptation of territory that inspired it, as much as the elimination of national prejudice.

But still, it is 4.45. It is time to suck my teeth, whistle with incredulity at how well Coventry City are playing, and mutter imprecations under my unabated breath. I shall even keep a friendly eye out for the fortunes, or misfortunes, of Darlington. Not too far from Sunderland, after all. I wonder if it is half-time in Chad. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Weekend Crossword 1427

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1427, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 31 January.



Name_____

Address_____

ACROSS

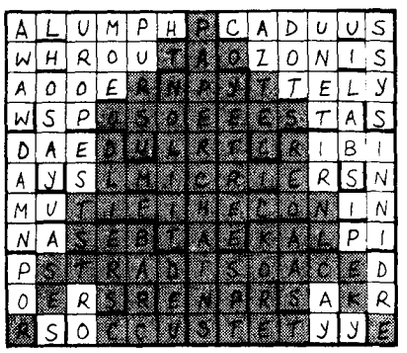
1. Something to play when the fool is in favour (7)
5. Related in type and colour (7)
9. Free the religious held in the embrace of a corrupt nun (5)
10. Play without milk as a bowler (9)
11. Bothered about one's favourite being reprimanded (8)
12. Pound in place at the deepest level (6)
14. Shows distress in call about bighead (4)
15. Ruses for discovering stones in layers? (10)
18. Generous but had done wrong including an enclosure (10)
19. Service tree? (4)
22. There will be freedom when the south takes part in an arranged peace (6)
24. Inspiration is low in an unfinished spot of bother (8)
26. Port or spirit (9)
27. After a second the furniture would be steady (5)
28. Ancient Jews need a hundred to fulfil their basic requirements (7)
29. Present in animal form (7)

DOWN

1. Shows resilience although born with three (7)
2. Steal up in the dark and they may be parted (9)
3. Light-weight animals? (6)
4. It is disgusting although not applicable to us at table (10)
5. Teases children (4)
6. With a different leader the Scandinavian would become a rider (8)
7. If pointless the resting place would not be the branch (5)
8. Shirkers become workers only when the boss is absent (7)
13. Features of the landscape which seem to express a law of nature (10)
16. After ten in a London district the furniture is easily moved (9)
17. Parson who has tea without milk? (8)
18. In the back street are poor people needing work (7)
20. Most headstrong ruler is upset about a woman (7)
21. Where the result is obscure (6)
23. Early birds sould like the tiller's guardian (5)
25. Food is an incentive (4)

SETSQUARE

Solution to Salamanca 76



'Here's a warm wish and jovial season's greeting to all my solvers': i port; pots. ii sand; year. iii poult; pence. iv missel; etoile. v fir-tree; cracker. vi crib; cake. vii hats; hose. viii card; star. ix ice; pie. x & xi stun, nuts or tuns.

Prizewinners to Salamanca 76

R. R. Macleod (Ross-shire)
S. M. Mansell (Dartford, Kent)
Margaret Richards (Basildon, Essex)

★ Classified Ads ★ Phone 01-251 5487 ★

FINANCIAL

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover St, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

GENERAL SERVICES

CONFIDENTIAL COUNSELLING by post, on personal and relationship problems. See to Box 7325.

PIANO TUNER, reliable, North London only unless repairs needed. Denys Parsons MSc, 01-340 4695.

QUALITY typing. English, German. French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts: 01-452 6617.

RESEARCH SERVICES: archival, genealogical, public records, etc, also company searches. 01-451 3095 or Box 7390.

HOLIDAYS/TRAVEL

EIRE, fully furnished house to let by sea. W. Cork. CH. Sleeps 10. Fiona Neate, 01-940 6227.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys. 3-6 weeks. JLA, 10 Barleymow Passage, London W4. 01-747 3108.

BURGUNDY. Enjoy country life, wines, cuisine and language learning with French family. Brochure from D. Beral, 22 Villa Lambert, 78400 Chatou, France.

DORDOGNE, TUSCANY. Professor's two comfortable, furnished cottages, low monthly rents, caretaking tenants. 01-794 5385 (quickly).

LAKES (DUDDON). Self-catering. Share writer's remote farmhouse. Single/double rooms £25.50-£48 p.w. Discounts claimants, students. Tel: 06576 612.

NEWS FLASH ! !

1984 holidays cheaper than ever

LAKE GARDA 9 days	£115
PYRENEES 9 days	£150
SPAIN 10 days	£165
BAY of NAPLES 11 days	£160
RAB – YUGOSLAVIA 12 days	£160
PISA/FLORENCE 10 days	£145

All by reclining seated luxury coach.

Send for details to:
FAIRMONT TRAVEL LTD
67 HIGH STREET
HECKMONDWIKE
WEST YORKS
WF16 0AD (0924) 401739

ARCHAEOLOGY IN SCOTLAND. Learn digging skills. Explore the past in idyllic surroundings. Fully residential from £99. Brochure from A.A.A., 12 Copson Street, Withington, Manchester 20. 061-445 0990.

PORTUGAL: midway Estoril/Lisbon, 5 mins beach, fully equipped 2 bedroom flat. Many dates available from £75 p.w. Special rates longer stays. Tel: (0656) 740408.

MOSCOW £175 By train with sleeping berth
6-18 April £195, 26 April-6 May £175
Full board at first-class hotel for 5 days
10-20 July; 7-17 August £180
YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone 0484 24269

PEKING via MOSCOW by rail
17 April-15 May £550, 31 July-28 August £600
with full board at hotels and extensive programme
YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone 0484 24269

1984 PROGRAMME NOW READY includes
A WEEK BY THE BLACK SEA 26 April-6 May £125
By the Orient Express with full board
Also summer dates at £140; 26 June-7 July; 3-14 July; 10-20 July; 17-27 July; 7-17 August; 14-24 August
YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone 0484 24269

CUBA Special 14 days . . . £488
Direct flights Gatwick to Havana
One week Havana and one week touring Cuba
Full Board and First-class Hotels.
Departures 24 May, 7, 21 June
YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone 0484 24269

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

APPOINTMENTS

UNIVERSITY OF BRISTOL
Department of Drama

Applications are invited for the post of **Lecturer in Drama** tenable from 1 August 1984, or such other date as may be arranged. Initial salary within the range **£7,190** to **£11,160.**

Preference will be given to someone who has a specialist interest in one or more predominantly pre-Jacobean areas of drama. In addition the successful candidate will be expected to teach over a wide range both theoretical and practical. Competence in production work will be essential. The post carries with it tutorial responsibilities of a general kind.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University of Bristol, Senate House, Bristol BS8 1TH.

Applications, including names and addresses of three referees, should be received not later than 13 February 1984.

The British Transport Officers' Guild

ASSISTANT SECRETARY

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Secretary of BTOG.

The successful candidate will be expected to conduct negotiations on behalf of Guild members, to carry out research and to participate actively on the development of the policies and organisation of BTOG.

Salary £8,565-£9,315

Application forms available from:

The National Secretary, BTOG
Room 307, West Side Offices
King's Cross Station, London N1 9AX
Tel: 01-837 0782

The closing date is: **Monday, 6 February, 1984**

RE-ADVERTISEMENT

Previous applicants will automatically be reconsidered

HOUSING DEPARTMENT
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR OF HOUSING (Tenancy and Advice)

Post No. HE 5N **PO2 (4-8)** **£13,395-£14,709**

Hull City Council is one of the largest housing authorities in the country with 48,000 properties in management and a Housing Capital programme in excess of £20m.

The Department has recently been decentralised and the Assistant Director (Tenancy and Advice) will have overall responsibility for the management of Housing allocations and Housing Aid and Sheltered Housing functions and the continued introduction of computerised management systems, including a computerised points scheme.

Applicants should be professionally qualified and ideally will have a wide experience of housing problems, together with a high level of management ability.

If you wish to discuss this appointment or the new Departmental structure, informally with a Senior Officer of the Housing Department, please ring the Director's Secretary on (0482) 222501.

In appropriate cases the cost of removal and generous relocation expenses will be payable.

Application forms and further details are available from the City Manpower Officer, Municipal Offices, Trippett Street, George Street, Kingston-upon-Hull HU2 8AA (Tel: (0482) 222163) to whom they should be returned by 3 February, 1984.

City of Kingston upon Hull

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL
seeks a
PRESS ASSISTANT
to work in its London-based International Secretariat.

The Press Assistant is part of a busy team which provides information to the international news media and Amnesty International section press officers. S/he processes *inquiries, organizes press mailings, maintains computerized records* and deputizes for the Press Attaché.

Candidates are required to type accurately (50 words a minute) and be willing to do all office work. Fluent written and spoken English essential, working knowledge of another language an asset, as is experience of working in a newsroom or other environment requiring meticulous attention to detail.

Salary £8,200 per annum (index-linked).

For more details and an application form send a large sae to the:

Personnel Department, Amnesty International
1 Easton Street, London WC1X 8DJ

Closing date for the return of completed application forms:
18 February 1984

amnesty international

Candidates will be required to work with new technology according to the appropriate agreement.

LABOUR RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

EDITOR/RESEARCHER

The vacancy is for an Editor/Researcher to work on the Labour Research Department's wages and conditions magazine 'Bargaining Report' (seven issues a year).

The post requires journalistic/editorial experience and/or research experience in the area of pay and conditions. Commitment to, and/or experience in, the labour and trade union movement essential.

Salary **£9,000** (under review); 27 days' holiday.

Applications in writing to:
The Secretary, LRD
78 Blackfriars Road
London SE1 8HF
Friday, 10 February, 1984

OV SELECTION CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.) *Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London, SW1V 1LT.* 01-828 8345.

EUROPEAN NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT
needs a
NATIONAL ORGANISER
for our busy London offices
plus a
PART-TIME BOOKKEEPER
to work from home
Salaries for both posts £7,560 pro-rata

For more information and an application form contact immediately: **END, 227 Seven Sisters Road, London, N4. Telephone 01-272 1236.**

We encourage applications from people with suitable skills regardless of sex, race or age.

PROPERTY

'SEA VIEW' – where Dylan Thomas wrote Under Milk Wood and Fern Hill in lovely old Carmarthenshire village: on glorious sand beach: 3 bedrooms, bathroom, large garden. Freehold only £25,000 or nearest. Phone Swansea 472564.

ACCOMMODATION

ORISCOLL HOUSE, 200 single rooms, p.b. £50 p.w. 172 New Kent Rd, London SE1. 01-703 4175.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

GREENWICH: own room in c.h. house, near station and park. £120 p.c.m. 01-853 2167.

JOURNALIST, 30s, looking to share companionable house or flat, Camden, Hampstead, approx. Tel: Guildford (0483) 223174.

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Rates
Lineage: Private – 26p per word (min. 12 words £3.12) Trade/Organisations – 29p per word (min. 12 words £3.48). First two words automatically bold, further bold words 40p each Private or Trade.
Box Numbers: U.K. £2 per insertion. Overseas £4 per insertion.
Display: Rates on application. Generous discounts are available for a series of ads. Special low rates for Charities. Please ring for a quotation.
Deadline for ads – normally noon Tuesday for publication on Friday.
All private ads must be prepaid. We accept payment by ACCESS/BARCLAYCARD/AMERICAN EXPRESS, either by phone or post.
Post ads to **Classified Dept., NEW STATESMAN, FREEPOST, LONDON EC1B 1EB.** (Remember that Freepost is equivalent to SECOND-CLASS post).
Post Box No. replies to: **Box No. . . . . , Classified Dept., New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.**
Use blank sheet of paper if you don't want to cut magazine!

Name ..... Address .....

..... Post Code .....

Classification required ..... No. of weeks required .....

Remittance enclosed £ ..... or charge my *Access/Visa/American Express
(*Delete as applicable)

Card No ..... Signed .....

Text (Block capitals)					

Post coupon to: Classified Dept., New Statesman, FREEPOST, LONDON EC1B 1EB

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Heart Search

SPECIAL LOW PRICE!

24 words plus a FREE Box Number for only £4

HEARTSEARCH

HEARTSEARCH ADS MAKE CONTACTS SIMPLE AND INEXPENSIVE. Just **£4** buys you an ad. of up to **24 WORDS** and a **FREE BOX NUMBER!** If you want to say more, **extra words are only 26p each.** We send your replies on to you at no extra charge. Even sending your ad to us costs nothing if you use our **FREEPOST** address: Classified Dept, New Statesman, FREEPOST, London EC1B 1EB. You can also phone your ad in to us and pay by credit card: Telephone 01-251 5487/8. (Note – Free box numbers only available with this offer – min. charge £4). To reply to a box number, write your reply (if more than one reply enclose each in a separate envelope), place in an envelope marked clearly with the box number, and send to: Box No Replies, New Stateseman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.

ANY OLDER, unattached men out there not actually hibernating at the moment? Intelligent woman, 51, still reasonably attractive, smoker, would like to meet one. Box 7392.

ARE YOU a warm, bright, open female who'd enjoy sharing affection, arts, veggy cooking, countryside, oriental ideas, yoga even? This still maturing thirties-vintage London designer is tall, slim, mortgaged up to his beard and hoping to hear from you. Box 7387.

ATTRACTIVE, ARTICULATE, ACADEMIC WOMAN (40), London. Divorced. Self supporting. Car, cats, conversation. Seeks similar, sound, sagacious, sharp-witted male, graduate. No never married or still married men! Box 7389.

ATTRACTIVE MAN, 29, tall, slim, non-smoking, seeks attractive lady companion. Your photo appreciated. London. Box 7394.

ATTRACTIVE LADY, 49, seeks the impossible – educated, professional, caring widower/divorced man, wanting lasting relationship. No drop-outs. Surrey/Sussex/Hants area. Photo available. Box 7350.

AVON AREA: attractive woman, forties, professional background, would like to meet professional man, similar age. Box 7348.

BLONDE, BRAINY, sexy, divorced woman, 37, with three-year-old daughter, seeks intelligent, attractive, professional man, 35-ish, to help me finish Times Crossword. Box 7362.

BRIGHT, NEWCASTLE based woman, tall, slim, divorced, children grown, independent, needs warm, open-minded, intelligent man (40-55 or younger), to help her make 1984 memorable. Box 7364.

COTTAGE, CAR, children owning female, proffers sympathy/mutual comfort to male (38-50), who finds life difficult or lonely, but who will work at (nr London) relationship. Box 7358.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating Dept. (NT), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

DISABLED LADY, car-driver, very much a woman despite physical semi-paralysis as result of car accident, seeks easygoing, considerate lover on a regular basis; no strings. South or anywhere. Photo please. Box 7346.

GAY FEMALE graduate, forties, likes music, films, photography, supports peace movement. Seeks attractive, intelligent woman for affection, companionship and fun. Box 7359.

GOOD-LOOKING BOY, 26, artist, slim, seeks attractive female, any age, colour, for occasional (whenever . . .) fun, passion, adventure, concerts, quiet anywhere . . equal partners. Box 7353.

GRADUATE PROFESSIONAL, bachelor, 29, living in London, wishes to meet slim, intelligent woman, preferably under 30, perhaps with Chinese/SE Asian connections. My interests include classical music, cinema, food, games. Box 7377.

HOMOSEXUAL (23), London-based, dislikes 'gayness', left politics, intellectual interests, seeks like-minded man. Box 7297.

HOME-LOVING, ex-Art School lady, 53, own flat Chelsea, seeks start sincere friendship, with gentleman similar age/interests, needing companionship besides solitude. Box 7352.

I AM still hoping to find a kindly lady, with some intellectual interests, aged 40-60. Preferably in or near London. Box 7395.

IF, AND only if, you are female, 23-37, 5ft 8in. plus, possess a good intellect (preferably graduate), and are discriminating and genuine, reply immediately to Box 7356.

INDEPENDENT, TALL, slim, youthful mid-40s, ex-London, now West Country based woman; interested in literature, arts, feminism, country walks, sunshine, people; busy but lonely since divorce; seeks male companionship. Age irrelevant but maturity, warmth, kindness essential. Box 7335.

INTELLIGENT, UNDOMESTICATED widow, late 60s, offers self-contained, furnished flat to retired professional/businessman. Non-smoker essential. Large sitting-room would take desk and some books. Lovely garden with swimming pool. Return for cooking simple meals at weekends and helping look after dog and two cats. Delightful countryside South/-West/Midlands. Intellectual interests. Companionship only. Box 7385.

IS THERE a companionable, but companionless, person in the Chester/N. Wales area, who would like to meet another such for visits to concerts, plays, films? Box 7396.

LONELY DOCTOR, 35-50ish male, sought by slim attractive, fun-loving, young woman colleague to share work concerns, good times, music, arts, countryside, friendship/marriage. Box 7369.

LONELY TRADE Union Official, left-wing, 32, West Midlands, seeks progressive/feminist female 20/30ish to share living, music, love-making and travelling to the Greek Islands. Box 7351.

MALE GRADUATE, 39, wide cultural interests, warm, loving type. Bit of a loner, but fed up with long weekends and lonely nights following break up of long relationship. Would like to try again with lady seeking and offering loyalty, affection and commitment. Box 7355.

MALE GRADUATE, 35, slim, attractive, sociable, active in peace and environmental movements, seeks caring, sharing relationship, with like-minded woman. Please write. Box 7354.

MALE, 50, tall, quiet, sincere, enjoys music, life, people, sun. Seeks attractive, intelligent, caring, special woman with sense of humour. Photo appreciated. Box 7368.

MALE, 36, keen on many types of water sports, wishes meet like-minded female, 20-40. Reading, Berks. Box 7291.

MALE, 28, quiet nature, good looking, vegetarian, living in Sheffield, seeks relationship with cheerful, amorous feminist (non-smoker, unattached). Film going, gardening, ceilidhs, cycling, AT, ecology, non-violence. Send small photo and self-description. Box 7347.

MAN, 36, tall, intelligent, wide interests, presently working North Africa, wants correspondence with female, any age, status or nationality. Meet later. Box 7349.

PROFESSIONAL GIRL, 37, attractive, aware, independent mind, non-urban, seeks educated man, interested in alternatives, ideas, arts/sciences, rather than bourgeois ease. Gloucs. Box 7388.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 36 (separated), seeks attractive, left (undogmatic) woman, up to 40, for mutual fun, usual interests. London. Box 7403.

SANE, AFFECTIONATE lawyer, 30, slightly battered but humour intact, seeks attractive, thinking female, 25-35, for friendship, fun and joint assault on life. London. Box 7363.

SEXY, ATTRACTIVE woman, mid-forties, looking for love and companionship, combined with excitement. Interests include travel, politics, books, films, food and wine. Box 7361.

TALL, UNATTACHED, humorous, non-smoking, temporarily unemployed, overweight (but truthful) Warwickshire cottage-owning professional, 41, interests: co-counselling, travel, squash, competitions, onomastics, cricket, seeks female counterpart/companion. Box 7365.

UNATTACHED MALE, 28, shy, kind, affectionate, ordinary looking, despairs of finding gentle, loving female for caring, serious relationship. Can you help? Interests include music, literature, politics. North England. ALA. Box 7357.

VIRTUE SELF-REWARDING? Codswallop! Late learner still aspires rewarding alternative. He's unselfrighteous Guruvintage, nevertheless still cheeky. Anxious bestow assets Hi/Q damsel. Box 7263.

WEST MIDLANDS male, 36, single, kind, gentle, intelligent, with quiet, thoughtful nature, initially shy, seeks caring, peace-loving female, who enjoys travel, squash, books, walking. Box 7404.

WILLIAM BACKEMEYER. Would you please contact Ruth Elliott of Shadows, Waintode Lane, Norton, Gloucester GL2 9LN. We have lost contact, and I would like to have your present address. How is your book coming along?

WOMAN GRADUATE (32), attracted to women, seeks similar for correspondence, friendship and discreet, caring relationship. Sense of humour essential. Central Scotland but can travel. Box 7398.

WOMAN, THIRTIES, Brighton area, likes squash, bridge, walking, cinema, etc, would like to meet similar male. Box 7393.

LISTINGS

FRI 20 JANUARY

LONDON Housing Benefit – one year on. Conf jointly org by Child Poverty Action Grp and SHAC. 10am-4.45pm Central Hall, Westminster. Spkrs incl Rhodes Boyson, David Donnison, Paul Burgess, Nick Raynsford. Fee £6. **Details: Alan Booth, CPAG, 1 Macklin St, WC2. 01-242 3225.**

LONDON First showing of 'An unsuitable job for a woman' by Chris Petit 1981. 7.30pm Labour Club, Deptford and Lewisham. **Details: Rex Badher 01-691 4896.**

LONDON 'Kill the Police Bill' pre march Rally: Spkrs incl Paul Boateng, George Jerrum. 7pm St. Matthews Meeting Place, Brixton Hill, SW2. **Org. Brixton Campaign against the Police Bill.**

SAT 21 JANUARY

LONDON 'Alternatives to 1984' one-day conf org Quaker Peace and Service 10-5 Large Meeting House, Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1. £3/£1.50 unwaged and children. Tea, coffee snacks may be purchased. Pre-registration of children essential, full children's programme available. Creche for under 5s. **Details and booking: Patricia Sparks, Home Organisation Section, QPS, Friends Hse, Euston Rd, NW1.**

LONDON Unemployment Seminar for young people at County Hall, SE1. **Org British Youth Council, 57 Chalton St, NW1. 01-387 5882.**

LONDON CSE Money & Finance Grp, day meeting. Sessions on Marx Theory of Money, US Monetary Policy; Finance Capital. 10.30am-5pm Architectural Assoc. 10 Percy St, W1. **Details: Jerry Coakley 01-341 2055.**

LONDON Hornsey & Wood Green Labour Party 'Health Week' Action ends with Live band and disco 8pm Brabant Road, N22. £2/£1 unwaged. Proceeds to Haringey Health Emergency.

MANCHESTER Launch of Campaign for Press Freedom in North West. 12 noon Thomsons Arms, Sackville St, (adj. Charlton St Bus stn.). **Details: Granville Williams 061-226 4170 or Lesley Wood 01-437 2795.**

LONDON 'No Police Bill, No Police State' March & Rally 12 noon Brockwell Park, Brixton to Trafalgar Sq. Spkrs from Labour Party, NGA, Indian Workers Assoc. GLC, Newham 8, Greenham Women etc. **Org. Nat. Campaign against the Police Bill 01-249 8334.**

SUN 22 JANUARY

LONDON 'Has the Kibbutz a role in Israel today?' Spkr Barry Coleman. 8pm 37 Broadhurst Gdns, NW6. Discn. Refreshments. **Org. MAPAM 01-328 2554.**

MON 23 JANUARY

LONDON National Tour of El Salvadorean Trade Unionists. 7.30pm County Hall, SE1. Spkrs incl Gerardo Anaya (El Salvador graphical workers' union), Rosa Rivas (general workers union), Tony Benn, Arthur Scargill etc. **Details: El Salvador Solidarity Campaign 01-359 2270.**

NOTTINGHAM "Protest, Power and the Peace Movement'. Spkr Conrd Lodziak, Trent Polytechnic. 7.30pm Adult Education Centre, Shakespeare St. **Details: John Ferris for The Nottingham Peace Lectures 0602 56101 x3377.**

WED 25 JANUARY

WARWICK 'The Relevance of Laws of War in a Nuclear Age'. Spkr Adam Roberts, Reader in International Relations, University of Oxford. Adm free. 7.30pm Arts Centre Conference Rm, University of Warwick. **Details: John Dewar 0203 24011 x2119.**

LONDON 'Interested in starting Peace Education in your School?' Talks by teachers, help, advice, info. 6 pm Dick Sheppard House, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1. **Org. Peace Education Project, Jackie Robinson, Peace Pledge Union, 01-387 5501.**

LONDON 'Has Local Government a Future?' Spkr Joan Lestor. 8pm Town Hall, Upper St, Islington N1. **Org. Islington Fabian Soc. 140A Hemingford Rd, N1. 01-609 4142 (day 01-251 2251.**

LONDON 'Where does the Greenham Women's Peace Camp go from here?' Spkr Martha Street. First in a series of six speaker/discn. meetings 7.30pm 'Pentameters' above Three Horseshoes Pub. Adm. Free. **Org. Hampstead CND.**

THURS 26 JANUARY

LONDON Kwame Toure (Stokely Carmichael) Open Lecture: Racism, education and Pan-Africanism. 6.30-8pm. Jeffrey Hall (Level 1) University of London Inst. of Education, 20 Bedford Way, WC1. **Org. Centre for Multicultural Education/Race Relations – policy and practice unit.**

LONDON 'Civil Liberties and Nuclear Weapons' public meeting. Spkr Robin Grove-White (Director CPRE) 7pm County Hall, SE1. Adm free. **Org. Lawyers for Nuclear Disarmament 01-202 7392 (eves.)**

COVENTRY Public Meeting on informers. Spkr from 'Stop the Show Trials'. 7.30pm Koco Ltd., Unit 15, The Arches (old 'Renold Chain' works) Spon End. **Org. Coventry Troops Out, 13 High St.**

LONDON 'One person – one vote' 7.30pm Comm. Rm. 18 House of Commons. Chair: Reg Freeson MP. Meeting for Labour Party members interested in promoting the idea of all membs having equal say in selection of parliamentary candidates. **Details: Broad Left Alliance, c/o 38 Forestholme C1. SE23. 01-699 7508.**

LONDON 'When Mountains Tremble', new film on Guatemala and 'Nicaragua: Report from the Front' Stanley Clinton-Davis opens Benefit Night Launch in aid of Guatemala. 7pm The Rio Cinema, Dalston.

DUDLEY 'The Future of the Left' public discn with Martin Jacques, Editor of 'Marxism Today'. 7.30 pm The Swan, Castle St.

FRI 27 JANUARY

LONDON Homelessness and the Voluntary Sector – an ARVAC Conference 10am-5pm Mary Ward Centre, 42 Queen Sq, WC1. (Closing date for applications 13 Jan). Fee £5/£6 non membs incls coffee/lunch/tea. **Details: Pat Marsden, ARVAC, 26 Queen's Rd, Wivenhoe, Essex CO7 9JH. 0206 225344.**

LEICESTER 'Interdisciplinary Work: Problems and Progress' Foundation Conf of Interdisciplinary Assoc of Mental Health Workers at University of Leicester. Spkrs incl Prof Anthony Clare, Prof Kathleen Jones. Residential fee £40 (incls membership). **Details: Mrs F. Sykes, DES, University of Surrey, Guildford. 0483 571281.**

SAT 28 JANUARY

DUDLEY Progressive Bookfair and William Morris Celebration Spkr A. L. Motion. Many stalls. 10 am-9 pm. King Street.

LONDON Day School on Ireland 'Republicanism and Socialism', 'Republicanism and Feminism'. Spkrs. Desmond Greaves, Sue Colfer, Geoff Bell, Sarah Rolofs. 10.30 am-5 pm County Hall. Creche – apply in advance. **Details and tickets £1 Labour Comm. on Ireland, Box 42, 136 Kingsland High Road, E8.**

FORTHCOMING

29 JAN LONDON Racism & Sport, Nat. discn. Conf. sponsored by Communist Party, Afro-Caribbean Org., Indian Workers Assoc, Creche. 11.30am-4.30pm County Hall, SE1. Adm. £1/50p unwaged. **Details: Communist Party Race Relations Comm. 16 St. John St, EC1.**

29 JAN COVENTRY Bloody Sunday Demonstration – coach leaves Pool Meadow bus station 10am £5/£2 unwaged. **Details: Coventry Troops Out c/o 13 High St.**

4 FEB OXFORD 'Who cares?' Campaign Oxford Region NHS Joint TU Comm and History Workshop Centre for Social History Joint Conference. Oxford Town Hall, St. Aldate's and Ruskin College. 'NHS: past, present and future'. Spkrs incl. National Union leaders, leading historians and Michael Meacher for Labour Party. Tickets: £4/£2 unwaged, NHS TU workers free. Send s.a.e. to NHS Conf. **History Workshop Centre for Social History, Ruskin College, Oxford.**

7 FEB LONDON 'Tiger Bay is my home' history of black struggle in Cardiff. First of series of documentary films by Colin Prescod on black struggles against racism in UK. 7pm Inst. Race Relations, 247 Pentonville Rd, N1. **Details: 01-837 0041.**

7 FEB LONDON 'Labour's Lost Millions' Public Discn. with Eric Hobsbawm, Robin Cook, Harriet Harman, Beatrix Campbell. 7.30 pm Friends' House, Euston Rd, NW1. **Tickets £1/50p unwaged s.a.e. to Marxism Today, 16 St. John St, EC1 or LCC, 9 Poland St, W1.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad. under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HISTORY WORKSHOP CENTRE FOR SOCIAL HISTORY

RUSKIN COLLEGE
OXFORD
FRI 3 FEB
7.30-9.30pm
Launch Meeting

'THE POLITICS OF HISTORY'

CHRISTOPHER HILL History & Patriotism
RAPHAEL SAMUEL The role of the individual in History
CAROLINE STEEDMAN The Battleground: Schools, Children & History
OLWEN HUFTON Women's History: The Challenge & The Future
TIM MASON E. H. Carr's 'What is History?' Revised
CHAIR: JOHN GORMAN
Followed by a Party

GROUPS/MEETINGS

FOR INTELLECTUAL Stimulation, Physical Recreation, Friendly Companionship telephone Progressive League 01-452 8358.

LET US accept genuine nuclear deterrence, but **NEVER** USA war-fighting missiles. Lobbying help needed for First Stop. 15 Sandyhurst Lane, Ashford, Kent.

SHAW SOCIETY. T. F. Evans on 'Treasure Trove – the new bibliography by Dan Laurence' Fri. 27 January at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Coffee 6.30 p.m. Lecture 7 p.m.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON (Gower St, WC1E 6BT). The Freud Memorial Lectures in Psychoanalysis by Professor Albert J. Solnit at 5.30 in the Gustave Tuck Lecture Theatre. Mon. 30 Jan. – 'Preparing and Remembering in Trauma and Deprivation'. Mon. 20 Feb. – 'A Life Worth Living: A Psychoanalytic Interpretation'. Mon. 12 Mar. – 'Adoption and the Search for Coherency: Psychoanalytic Reflections'.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: The John Coffin Memorial Lecture will be given by Professor Alastair Fowler, D Litt, FBA (Regius Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature at the University of Edinburgh) entitled: "Pastoral Instruction in 'As You Like It' " at the University of London, Chancellor's Hall, Malet Street, London WC1E 7HU at 5.30 p.m. on Thursday, 26 January 1984. Adm. free, without ticket.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Sunday, 22 January, 8 p.m. Informal Q/A Meeting 'Man, Mortal & Immortal'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

SUMMER SCHOOL

TWENTY-FIFTH YEATS INTERNATIONAL SUMMER SCHOOL SLIGO, IRELAND
11-25 August, 1984
DIRECTOR:
Professor Donald Davie

Lectures and Seminars daily on aspects of Yeats Scholarship, Anglo-Irish History and Anglo-Irish Literature, conducted by distinguished International Scholars. Plays, Recitals, Poetry Readings and Excursions. For information, and brochures apply to:

Mrs Kathleen Moran, Secretary, Yeats Memorial Building, Douglas Hyde Bridge, Sligo, Ireland.

German Historical Institute, London
Tuesday, 24 Jan, 5pm
Prof. Dr. Gunter Grunthal
(Karlsruhe/Oxford)
Crown and Parliament in Prussia, 1848-1866
17 Bloomsbury Square
London WC1A 2LP
01-404 5486
Tea from 4.30 p.m.
Seminar starts 5 p.m.

BOOKS

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion St, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822.

THERAPY

EXPERIENCED, CARING PSYCHOTHERAPISTS. 01-794 6810, 01-586 4109, 01-883 5418.

TUITION

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF FLORENCE

Make 1984 the year you learn Italian. We have courses at all levels throughout the year. Also lecture courses on the Florentine Renaissance and tutorial courses in Drawing/Water Colouring. Special GCE A Level courses in Italian and Art History. Splendid library and premises in central Florence. Accommodation arranged if required.

Full details and prospectus from: **David Rundle, The Director, British Institute, Lungarno Guicciardini 9, FLORENCE, Italy. Tel: 010-39 55 284 031.**

FRIENDS
ALL OVER THE WORLD

would like to correspond with you

Friendship, language, travels, cultural relations

Request free brochure:

LES AMIS DU COURRIER
International Pen-Friend Club
Rue Bovière 18, 4050 ESNEUX
BELGIUM

COURSES IN
WEST INDIAN SOCIOLOGY
AT THE CENTRE FOR CARIBBEAN STUDIES

The Centre for Caribbean Studies is offering three part-time courses in 1984 on West Indian Sociology, to help Social Workers, Teachers and Probation Officers. These have been arranged in direct response to enquiries from such professionals, who are acutely aware of the lack of relevant knowledge to assist them in their work with this disadvantaged minority. The Director for the three courses will be Miss Jocelyn Barrow, OBE. They will commence on:

16 MARCH, 18 MAY, 5 OCTOBER, 1984

For further information contact: **Mrs Jacqueline Benn, MA (Ed. Lond), Assistant Director/Co-ordinator**
CENTRE FOR CARIBBEAN STUDIES, Caribbean House, Bridport Place Shoreditch Park, London N1 5DS. 01-729 0986

billboard

TO ADVERTISE
CALL 01-251 5487

Opera & Ballet

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, EC1. 01-278 8916 (5 lines). CC group sales 01-930 6123. **New Sadler's Wells' Opera Hotline:** Tel. 01-278 0855 (24 hours) for brochure. Eves 7.30, Sat mat 2.30. 25 Jan-10 March **New Sadler's Wells Opera:** 'Martha', 'Countess Maritza'.

Poetry

POEMS INVITED for Poetry Competition. Cash prizes. Adjudicator Josephine Austin, Editor 'FIRST TIME'. Send sae Josephine Austin, 80 St Helen's Road, Hastings, E. Sussex, for details.

Theatre

DOMINION Tottenham Ct Rd. 01-580 9562/3, 01-323 1576/7. Evgs 7.30pm, Mat Sat 2.30 until 28 Jan.
WAYNE SLEEP
WITH A DASH OF CHRISTMAS
cc HOT LINES 01-636 8686/01-930 9232.

NATIONAL THEATRE 01-928 2252. Olivier (open stage) 'The Rivals', 'Jean Seberg'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'Cinderella'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'Story of a Horse'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

PHOENIX THEATRE, Charing X Road. Tel. 01-836 8611/9793/2294. Group sales 01-930 6123. Spectacular traditional pantomime
SNOW WHITE & THE SEVEN DWARFS
"The Magic of Pantomime lights up the stage." D. Tel.
Starring **DANA** "...does wonders with the role of Snow White" D. Tel. With **MIKE NEWMAN.** Featuring Seven Dwarfs and music made famous by Walt Disney film. Daily at 2.30 and 7.30pm.

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY. 01-628 8795/638 8891. 24 hr info 01-628 2295. **BARBICAN THEATRE** PETER PAN by J M Barrie. Ends 28 Jan. In repertoire 31 Jan-24 March THE TEMPEST, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, MAYDAYS by David Edgar and CYRANO DE BERGERAC by Edmond Rostand. **THE PIT.** In repertoire MOLIERE by Bulgakov, LEAR by Bond, THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY by Nicholas Wright, TARTUFFE by Moliere. Season ends 24 March.

Books

Where to find the best in
Commonwealth Books & Crafts
SOMA BOOKS
at the
COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE
Multi-cultural Education, Women's Studies, Children's Books, Race & Sociology, Creative Writing
Talks, book launches and exhibitions
Free brochure and information
Contact: Soma Books
Commonwealth Institute
Kensington High Street
London W8. Tel: 01-603 4535

Galleries

PENTONVILLE GALLERY
47 Lambs Conduit Street
London WC1
01-242 8629

25 Jan-18 Feb

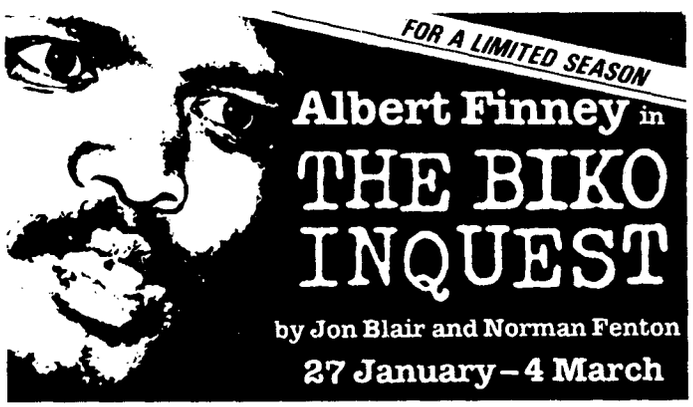
CHILEAN ART

Ten years of struggle

The work of exiled artists now in England including Matta

Tues-Fri 11am-6.30pm
Sat 11am-2pm

GLC funded, financially assisted by GLAA & Carila


FOR A LIMITED SEASON
Albert Finney in
THE BIKO INQUEST
by Jon Blair and Norman Fenton
27 January – 4 March
nverside studios 748 3354
Crisp Road Hammersmith W6

Incorporating 'The Nation' 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Printed by QB Ltd, Sheepen Place, Colchester. Published by the Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd. at 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU. Second class postage paid at New York NY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED